

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905.

NO. 32.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
8:39 P. M. Daily.	
10:39 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily, except pt Sunday.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market Sts., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
6:00 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
7:30 "	7:00 "
8:30 "	8:00 "
9:30 "	9:00 "
10:30 "	10:00 "
11:30 "	12:42 a. m.

## TIME TABLE South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
5:30 "	5:30 "
6:30 "	6:30 "
7:30 "	7:30 "
8:30 "	8:30 "
9:30 "	9:30 "
10:30 "	10:30 "
11:30 "	11:30 "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m. The last "suburban car," leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.	6:45	12:03
" " South.		12:39

MAIL CLOSURE.	A. M.	P. M.
North.	6:55	12:09
South.	6:15	5:24
	11:35	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg.	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

## New Masonic Temple in Santa Rosa.

Santa Rosa.—A contract has been let for the foundation of the new Masonic Temple. The work of construction will begin next week. The new structure is to be built of stone. It will be three stories and will cost \$75,000.

## Geronimo Wins a Race.

Lawton, O. T.—Geronimo, the aged Apache chief, rode his sorrel horse Geronimo in a race at the Fair Grounds and won a \$150 purse.

## CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

## HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

Frank Downs, a seventeen-year-old boy, was drowned while attempting to cross the Kern river near Camp No. 2 of the Edison Power Company last Sunday.

The California Wine Association has purchased the Hearst vineyards and winery near Glen Ellen. The property consists of 1200 acres in vines and a splendid equipment.

Emanuel Lehuzev, 65 years of age, was burned to death in his room, at 743 Brannan street, between Seventh and Eighth, San Francisco, last week. The bed clothing had caught fire from his pipe.

The California Fruit-Growers' Association is furnishing its fruit-buyers and traveling agents with automobiles, having received a carload of the machines recently. The machines are now in use at Marysville.

Mar Sperry, a half-breed Chinese, who about two weeks ago entered the Hatfield residence in Sacramento and when discovered made a vicious assault upon Attorneys Victor and William Hatfield with a hatchet, has been sentenced by Judge Shields to serve twenty-nine years in Folsom prison.

The prune crop of France this year will be a normal one. This information was received by Paul Masson, a prominent grower and packer of San Jose, in a cablegram. The greatest competitor of the prune growers of California is France, and the fact that the crop of that country is a normal one will give an impetus to the prices for the coming crop in Santa Clara valley.

Andrew McFarlane, a pioneer gold hunter and Indian fighter of the West, died at San Bernardino as the result of injuries sustained in a fall down a stairway of his hotel. McFarlane discovered the famous Long Tom and Ivanpah mines in California during the seventies, from which many fortunes have been taken by various people. He was born in Allegheny, Pa., in 1829.

Governor Pardee was last week presented with a set of engrossed resolutions in solid silver covers, suitably engraved, as a token of esteem by the people of Sacramento. The resolutions were adopted by the City Board of Trustees several days ago. Albert Elkus, president of the Board of Trustees, made the presentation speech, to which Governor Pardee made a fitting response.

A sensational divorce suit and an action for damages for alienation of affections has been begun in Modesto. G. B. Husted is the plaintiff in a suit for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. He is also plaintiff in a suit for \$20,000 damages against H. P. Weyer. He alleges that Weyer stole the love of Mrs. Husted. The Husteds and Weyer are prominent in Modesto society circles.

John Scharff, a prominent saloon-keeper of Gilroy, died at the Gilroy Hot Springs last week as the result of a fall from a porch. A severe hemorrhage of the nose followed the fall. Scharff had been at the springs only one day. He arose during the night to get a drink and it is presumed stumbled and fell in the darkness. He was a native of Germany, aged 57 years, and leaves a widow.

An automobile stage line will be established between Marysville and the new town of Hammon soon. John Miles, who has the contract for placing the machinery on several large mining dredgers being built at Hammon, has the matter in hand. This line will be in opposition to the two stage lines now in operation, but there is plenty of business for all, as quite a large village is growing up at Hammon.

The State Supreme Court of Washington has affirmed the judgment for \$33,000 damages for personal injuries against the Spokane Falls and Northern road, a branch of the Great

Northern Railway, in favor of Herbert L. Williams, a railway mail clerk, who was injured in a wreck at Northport. Williams was badly injured, being unconscious for days. His lower limbs were paralyzed and he lost the sight of one eye and the use of one arm.

After negotiating for months the United States Debris Commission has finally secured complete rights of way for a great system of training walls from Daguerre Point to Marysville. The walls will be built this year to correct the channel of the Yuba river and cause it to scour and reduce its level. The walls will be built by mining dredges without cost to the Government, owners of the machines extracting gold from the material while building the walls.

Fire destroyed two business blocks in White Horse, Yukon Territory, last week, and consumed the White Pass and Yukon depot. The loss will foot up into the thousands. The fire started in the Windsor Hotel, and spread across the street to Whitney & Pedler's furnishing store. The loss to the depot is estimated at about \$10,000. The Commercial Hotel, another large structure, was destroyed. The residence of George C. Mellott, agent of the White Pass lines at that place, was among the buildings burned.

At Bakersfield, after a trial lasting eight days the jury in the case of Patton Palmer, charged with the murder of William Nicholas, last week brought in a verdict of not guilty. The jury was out two hours and took four ballots before reaching an agreement. Palmer was charged in connection with three others with having killed Nicholas, a pioneer of the county, at a small mountain station and robbed him of his money. The other three accused men plead guilty and testified against Palmer, but young Palmer stoutly maintained his innocence.

A new State law of sweeping effect is now in force and under it all the saloons will be compelled to move in Folsom to the extreme southern edge of the town limits. The last Legislature amended section 172 of the Penal Code so that it prohibits the existence of any place for the sale of malt or spirituous liquors within two miles of the grounds upon which any State prison or reformatory is located. It also prohibits the sale of liquor within a mile and a half of any home for disabled soldiers, and within a mile of the grounds upon which the buildings of the University of California are located. It is declared that the latter provision will wipe out those saloons in San Francisco that are within a mile of the Affiliated Colleges, which are part of the university.

## Stanford Heir Offers Reward.

San Francisco.—Interest has been revived in the mysterious death of Mrs. Jane L. Stanford by the publication of an advertisement in behalf of Welton Stanford of Schenectady, N. Y., offering \$1000 reward for "information leading to the arrest and conviction of parties responsible for the death of the late Jane Lathrop Stanford." Welton Stanford is a son of the Charles Stanford, deceased, who was a brother of Senator Leland Stanford. According to Mountford S. Wilson, attorney for Mrs. Stanford, Welton Stanford received a legacy of \$100,000 from the estate of Senator Stanford and also received a considerable portion of his father's estate. No explanation is offered for the publication of the advertisement.

## Marriage Law a Severe Blow to Cupid.

Redding.—The new marriage law requiring both parties desiring a marriage license to appear in person before the County Clerk and answer under oath the necessary questions has apparently put a stop to matrimony in Shasta county. The law went into effect on Wednesday of last week. Ordinarily five or six marriages licenses are issued every week in the county, but during the ten days the new law has been in effect not a single license has been applied for. There was quite a rush for licenses during the few days preceding the going into effect of the new law.

## Dragged to Death by a Horse.

Bakersfield.—Tarro Nakamura, a sixteen-year-old Japanese employed in the office of the Associated Oil Company in the oil fields, met death in a horrible manner by being dragged to death after having been thrown from a horse that he was riding.

## Damaged by Hurricane.

Algiers.—A hurricane broke over the province of Constantine, damaging the crops over an area of 1400 square miles and resulting in enormous loss.

## MERCHANT WAS VICTIMIZED BY WILY JAPANESE

Brown Men Secretly Disposed of Best Part of Mortgaged Berry Crop.

## SWINDLING ORIENTALS ARRESTED

The Feeling in Sacramento and Placer Against the Asiatics Monopolizing the Fruit Industry Is Growing Steadily.

Sacramento.—A Japanese named T. Hokima is under arrest here on the charge of smuggling away from his strawberry garden at Florin a portion of the crop which had been mortgaged to E. Oppenheim, a prominent merchant of Florin. The crop had been attached by Oppenheim on the charge that the Jap was swindling him by clandestinely disposing of the product of the strawberry vines, which, under the contract, were to be handled solely by Oppenheim.

For a number of years the people of Florin have been ardent supporters of the Japanese cultivators of strawberries. Oppenheim was one of the principal admirers of the Japanese and supplied capital for a number of them to go into business, taking mortgages on the crop, with the provision that he should have the exclusive privilege of marketing the product in order to secure himself from loss.

At the beginning of this season Oppenheim made contracts with a number of expert Japanese strawberry growers on this basis, supplying them with means of subsistence, tools, land, plants, fertilizers, etc. When the crop began to ripen Oppenheim was surprised to note that he was getting a very small quantity of berries for shipment to his eager customers in Portland, Seattle and other points. He set a detective to watch the Japanese, and found that they were secretly taking out the best part of the berries and selling them on their own account, and were tendering him only the inferior product, for which he received unsatisfactory returns.

The result of the discovery of dishonesty on the part of the Japanese is that Oppenheim has attached seven of the wily little brown men and by force of law will attempt to get back at least part of the money which he lent the Japanese gardeners.

For some time a bitter discussion has been raging at Florin and Orange Vale, in Sacramento county, and Roseville, in Placer county, regarding the advisability of allowing Japanese to monopolize the fruit-growing business to the exclusion of white families.

Since the attaching of the seven debtors mentioned the opponents of the Japanese have taken courage and will wage with even greater energy the campaign which they have begun against the Japanese in the communities mentioned.

## Jury Holds Saloon-Keeper Responsible.

Hammond, Ind.—A peculiar damage suit has been tried in the Marshall Circuit Court and decided against Andrew J. Voorhees, a saloon-keeper at Culver. Mrs. Ida Green, her husband and baby were riding one Sunday in Culver when Ezra Love, a boy still in his teens, ran his horse into them, upsetting their rig and injuring Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green sued Voorhees for damages and the jury gave her \$1000. It was proved at the trial that Voorhees had sold the boy so much liquor on the Sunday in question that he had become intoxicated. Voorhees was held responsible for the boy's misdeed while under the influence of liquor.

## Santa Fe Accused of Discrimination.

Topeka, Kas.—A complaint, which is expected to develop into one of the most important freight rate cases ever tried in Kansas, has been filed before the State Railroad Commission by a wholesale hardware company of Wichita. It is directed against the Santa Fe, Rock Island and Missouri Pacific railroads, and charges unfair and discriminatory rates on certain classes of hardware from Atchison to Wichita.

## Fatal Collision on Electric Line.

Baltimore.—William Stembler was killed and thirty-five persons are injured as the result of a collision between two trolley cars returning from Westport, a suburban resort.

## COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits.	July 1 to Feb. 1
Deer.	October 15 to Nov. 15
Trout.	April 1 to October 1
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.	
The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.	
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.	

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

## STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover	October 15 to Nov. 15
Mountain Quail and Grouse	Sept. 1 to Feb. 15
Doves	July 1 to Feb. 15
Tree Squirrel	Aug. 1 to Oct. 1
Male Deer	July 1 to Nov. 1
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited	April 1 to Nov. 1
Steelhead (in tide-water) closed	February 1 to April 1
Salmon	Oct. 16 to Sept. 10
Lobster or Crawfish	Aug. 15 to April 1
Shrimp	Sept. 1 to May 1
Crabs, 6 inches across back	Oct. 31 to Sept. 1
Sturgeon and Female Crab	Prohibited
Abalone	Less than 15 inches round

## Crushed Under a Case of Glass.

Los Angeles.—Charles Raphael, a member of the H. Raphael Company, was crushed under a case of glass, weighing nearly a ton, which fell on him at the junction warehouse and died within three hours. He would have been instantly killed had not one corner of the case been partly supported by a box which it struck in its descent from a truck on which it was being moved.

## Jap Soldiers Discontented.

Gunshu Pass, Manchuria.—The Japanese tactics are puzzling. They gave way at the slightest pressure against their center on both the railroad and the mandarin road. The Chinese explain the retirement by trouble among the reserves, some of whom, they say, are almost in a state of revolt because Japan has not kept its promise to return them to Japan.

## Big Price for Old Cup.

London.—A small sixteenth century drinking cup, carved out of rock crystal and mounted and enameled with gold, was sold at auction here for the remarkable price of \$81,000. It is stated the cup was purchased for J. Pierpont Morgan of New York. It belonged to John Gabbitask of London, who placed the reserve price at only \$25,000. There has been much discussion as to its authenticity, but the British Museum has pronounced it genuine.

## Sues for a Deposit After Forty Years.

Los Angeles.—After a lapse of forty-three years, Alexander Smith, now 85 years of age, has brought suit in the Superior Court of this county to recover \$2500 deposited for the use of his daughter with the Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco in 1862, and for interest compounded, which amounts to \$35,000.



We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

## JOE H. ROSENBERG Tailoring and Furnishing

Just received the most up-to-date styles of Summer Shirts and the latest designs in Neckties and Fancy Hosiery. They are stunners.

## At Special Reduced Prices for the Week:

Ladies' Union Suits reduced from 75 cents to	60 cents
Children's Union Suits reduced from 50 cents to	40 cents
S. and H. Ladies' Shoe, French and Cuban Heels, at a special bargain, reduced from \$2.50 to	\$1.75
Youths' 9 oz. Denim Overalls, reduced from 60c to	50 cents
Children's 9 oz. Denim Overalls reduced from 50c to	40 cents
Ladies' and Girls' Norfolk Caps reduced to	45 cents
Men's Fancy Golf Shirts, reduced from 75c to	50 cents
Men's Working Shirts reduced from 50c to	40 cents
Men's Jersey Ribbed Summer Wool Underwear, per garment, reduced from \$1.00 to	75 cents
Men's Working Shoes reduced from \$1.75 to	\$1.45

I have an elegant line of Summer Suitings which I offer as a special inducement for \$20.00 and \$22.50. Fit and style guaranteed.

South San Francisco  
San Mateo Co. - - - California  
Telephone Baden Main 45



## THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

No self-made man was ever known to express dissatisfaction with the job.

A Kansas man killed himself because his trade had fallen off. Why didn't he advertise?

No wonder women at 40 are cranks. See how they have to hurry to look as young as they say they are.

Judging from the number of them that have been arrested there must have been an enormous supply of terrorists in Russia at the start.

Children may not be "destroyers of home life," but they certainly work fearful destruction sometimes in the pantry department of the home.

New England may succeed in forming a crustacean trust, but there will still remain a large supply of independent lobsters in the community.

King Edward is declared to be the safest ruler on earth. But why should anybody wish to kill as gentlemanly and harmless a monarch as he, anyway?

A man in Paris is reported to have suddenly shrunk in height two feet. He must have met his wife as he was getting home some night very early in the morning.

A Kansas congregation voted 4 to 1 against the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000. But this was not the congregation to which the gift had been offered.

Three centuries after the appearance of "Don Quixote" a statue of its author is to be erected by Havana, a city freed from Spain by a country unknown in Cervantes' time. Whirligig time at work again.

Cole Younger is reluctantly compelled to admit he has scored a failure in the show business. If anybody knows any other way in which a man without a reputation can make a living without work Cole would be glad to hear of it.

"What would Christ do?" asks a correspondent of the New York Herald, "if Rockefeller offered him \$100,000 to him?" He ate with publicans and sinners, according to the record, and, it may be assumed, asked no questions as to where the meat came from. Still, it is a fair question.

Do suckers bite? The question, asked by a New York newspaper, has caused many of its readers to revert to their boyhood experiences. The man who denies it declares that suckers merely swallow the bait without biting. As a matter of ichthyological criticism this seems carping.

When anything occurs to arouse the patriotic enthusiasm of a German city, it seems to expend the impulse in erecting a statue in memory of Bismarck. One hundred and ninety-four statues have been completed up to the present time, forty-eight are in process of construction, and the possibilities of the future are of course limitless. Yet to see a grander, more enduring memorial than any of these, one needs only to contemplate united Germany.

If a whipping bill should pass in a neighboring Legislature, the boys of that State will be thrashed in school only when the principal has obtained the written consent of parents and "in the presence of a majority of the school trustees." We fancy that by the time the poor principal has gone through these formalities he will be glad enough to call the exercises off. In the little days of our childhood we were well licked before we recollected that we had any parents or that there were any school trustees, and five minutes later the emergency had vanished. We cannot recall that during this reign of terror any of our little classmates were "permanently injured," but there were two or three dozen of us who have since confessed that we were permanently benefited.

After years of the hardest sort of work, one of the greatest engineering feats in the world has been finally accomplished. The Simplon tunnel has been formally opened, and the first trains have passed through. Not only is it the longest tunnel in the world, but its course is beneath a greater weight of mountains than any other. There have been numerous disappointments and heart-breaking delays in the work, and upon one occasion it was thought that it would have to be given up. At one period of the construction a subterranean stream of hot water was encountered, which compelled the cessation of work, and the difficulties encountered in blocking this underground hot river were prodigious. Added to the other difficulties, it appears that the geologists and engineers who did the preliminary work were very generally mistaken in their prophecies as to the character of the soil which would be encountered. The strata of rock, it seems, dipped in most unexpected directions, and before the work was well begun the original plans had to be almost entirely revised. Of course the work took a great deal longer than was at first expected. Such enormous engineering undertakings usually do. But it has been free from scandals throughout, which

speaks well for the administrative ability of the Swiss and Italians. On the whole, if the United States makes as good a record in its great undertaking, the Panama Canal, as have the Swiss and Italians in building the Simplon Tunnel, congratulations from the rest of the world will be in order.

In this day of the presentation of flabby and inane, if not worse, stage stories it is worth while to commend a play that teaches a wholesome lesson. Such is "A Messenger From Mars," which contains an ethical teaching as old as the tragedy of Job, and as universal in its appeal. The play presents all the sadness—as well as the grim humor—of the sin of complacent selfishness. "Self, self, self is the curse of this wretched world," says the messenger from Mars. The messenger speaks true. All the history of humans confirms the declaration. This, briefly, is the run of the play: Horace Parker is the apotheosis of selfishness—unwitting selfishness. He is sincerely selfish. So self-centered that no impulse of pity ever comes to him, save self pity, he is calmly imbedded in self love and self indulgence. If anything goes wrong with him—as seldom happens to such a one—he feels himself a much abused man. Parker is not a bad man nor especially wicked. He is not a bad sort of a husband in a sense. He is too high-minded for gross violation of morals. His self respect keeps him from stooping to low things. He is honorable in a way. He is eminently respectable and eminently satisfied with himself. In a crisis he would doubtless sacrifice himself for his own. But at every turn he unconsciously inflicts suffering upon the women of his household and upon his friends. In short, regarding himself as impeccable, he is guilty every day of offenses that break the hearts of his loved ones. Little less than a miracle will open the eyes of this sort of a man. The Mars messenger comes to him and says, "You train your dogs with hunger and a whip. I must try the same system with you." Then comes an excellent apprenticeship to clear sightedness—he is put in the place of others. Hunger and cold and wretchedness are his teachers. He drinks the cup of misery to the dregs. At every hard-hearted utterance the man mutters, "I've said the same thing many a time myself." Then pity comes to him. His eyes are opened and he hates the old self. A soul is born within him. The lesson is for men and women. For there is no sex in selfishness. It is an old drama—this evolution of a life. And it is re-enacted every day. To some comes the messenger of fate and in a great crisis of pain or of sorrow the lesson is learned. Others learn the teaching when it is too late, save for remorse. And still others will never learn the better way until they are face to face with the lesson elsewhere—somewhere in that outward sweep of the future that we call Mystery.

"EMANCIPATED" SWISS WOMEN



The women in the picture are natives of the primitive little village of Champéry, in the canton of Valais, Switzerland. It is a remote mountainous region, and the women of the district have worn trousers from time immemorial. The men of Champéry are known to be the laziest in the republic. They will sometimes accept employment as guides, but manual labor is not at all to their taste. The women, therefore, have been obliged to follow outdoor occupations, and they have been clever enough to fit themselves for the undertaking. Since these emancipated women of Champéry have been compelled to adopt the avocations and attire distinctive of masculinity, they have gone a step further and provided themselves with short brierwood pipes and chamois skin tobacco pouches.

**His Money's Worth.**  
In the myriad minor changes that have come about since war-times, it happens that a negro, who formerly belonged to the family of a Mississippi Congressman, has become proprietor of a small kindling-wood shop in New York City. When the Congressman visits New York, says a correspondent of the Boston Post, he always calls on his old retainer. The negro seemed unhappy on the occasion of their last meeting, and the visitor hastened to show sympathy. "What's the matter, Uncle Laze?" he asked.

"I's just been done out o' some money, Marse John," was the reply. "Had a terrible misery in mah toof, and went to a dentist and got hit pulled, and he charged me a dollar—a whole dollar! Why, once down in Tenn'see, I went to ole Doc Tinker and he pulled two toofs and broke mah jawbone and only charged me 50 cents! I's been buncoed, Marse John."

Nothing is so uncertain as the certainty of certain politicians.

## ADVANTAGES OF CROP ROTATION.

The custom of growing different crops in rotation, while largely a matter of conditions, possesses certain actual advantages. First, it prolongs the period of profitable culture. This is due to the fact that plants vary largely in their feeding capacities. Many plants feed in the surface layers and therefore draw their food almost wholly from that portion of the soil; other plants are deep feeders. The two classes alternated give the soil periods of comparative rest. It should also be kept in mind that certain crops require more of some particular element in the soil than other crops. When these two classes are in rotation the soil is given an opportunity to rest. Again, when the farm is producing but one crop a year, the soil is left bare at certain seasons, while the growth of a variety of crops permits of a continuous covering and a constant use. Practically speaking, there is no soil which is not improved by cropping. In the language of Jethro Tull: "Tillage is manure." Then the continuous growth of one crop renders it more liable to insect attack, and also to the development of diseases called rot and blight. It is a well-known fact that crops lose vigor by being grown year after year, and are therefore less able to withstand insect ravages. A change is also valuable because it deprives any particular insect pest of its food, and is therefore likely to cause it to disappear.

The majority of our farm crops get their food entirely from the soil, and in many cases these crops are grown for their grain. In such cases the nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus are being disposed of constantly by selling the seeds of the plants grown. On the other hand, leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, alfalfa, etc., get most of their nitrogen from the air. It will be noted then that the removal of such crops from the soil does not decrease its supply of nitrogen, therefore, a rotation including some of the legumes, such as alfalfa, cow-peas or beans, lessens the necessity of supplying nitrogen to the soil.

Finally, the business of the farmer requires a steady and regular income, in order that he may provide for necessary tools, seeds and implements, and also that he may pay wages when due. A steady and regular income allows him to do business on a cash basis and thus to take advantage of opportunities in buying. He can by this means do business on a smaller capital than would be required on the credit system. The rules governing the system of rotation under present conditions are general and not fixed, yet they appear to be better adapted to farming in this section than any other yet discovered.—F. S. Johnson in Barnum's Midland Farmer.

## SWEET CLOVER AND SORGHUM FEED.

If there are any two fads that I am guilty of wanting to give publicity to it is that of sorghum, as roughness for the farm stock, and the planting of green crops to plow under, to better the crop yield. Sorghum is the best of all fodders and cheaper raised on moderately poor land than any other feed I ever experimented with, and since some twenty years have only strengthened this belief, I shall plant a few acres again this year.

I have some clay land too poor to grow common red-clover unless treated with commercial fertilizers, which I do not care to undertake. Two or three years ago I began experimenting on this poor land with sweet-clover, in a small way; I found that where poverty-grass would grow sweet-clover would also grow, and that turned under green is loosened and enriched the ground as much as did the red-clover. So this spring I am planting quite an acreage of our poor ground, and some not so poor, to sweet-clover to plow under green. There may be a lesson in this for others.—D. T. Stephenson in Barnum's Midland Farmer.

## DON'T CROWD THE CHICKS.

The crowding of chicks in a brooder tends much toward disease. If you have a brooder that is supposed to hold a hundred chicks, you will have better success if you only put fifty in it. The same is true of large chickens; crowd them too much and they get heated and come out in the morning only to catch cold and oftentimes get the roup. It is not absolutely necessary to clean out your houses every day, and maybe not every week, but if you do not keep them clean and a bad odor ensues you cannot expect to have healthy chickens. The bad odor may be prevented, however, by throwing some dry soil over the droppings, or, what is better, if you are interested in the value of the droppings, as a land dressing, use some of the fine litter from the scratching shed. This absorbs the odors and makes the house fit to live in, but it should always be remembered that hens have lungs just the same as have people, and that they must be supplied with good pure air for breathing if a satisfactory degree of health should be maintained, and pure air cannot be had in a house where odors arise from the droppings.—Nebraska Farmer.

## OATS FOR HOGS.

There seems to be considerable advice given through the agricultural papers as to what is a good ration for brood sows. It is generally considered that corn alone is not just the thing. We all know it is the stuff to fatten the hog, but the brood sow is a different problem. The writer has been raising upwards of 200 hogs per year on his farm and has had good success so far with his brood sows. Having tried various kinds of feeds as a substitute for corn, so as to make a balanced ration, one that makes fat and muscle at the same time and that will keep the animals in a healthy condition, he can safely say that he has been getting the best results by adding wheat bran, oats and a little oil meal in the way of a slop to be used with corn for the daily ration. After farrowing he substitutes light shorts for the bran, but keeps right on with the oats and oil meal. It is said that oats are too expensive. They may be a little more expensive than corn, still when you take into consideration that the oats are raised on the farm, the writer considers them fully as cheap as any substitute you have to go out and buy on the market, and very much to be preferred, considering the good results attending this feed.

The writer has never found any ration equal to oats for keeping hogs in a healthy condition. He feeds oats every day to his fattening hogs, about two bushels of dry oats per day to seventy or seventy-five hogs are put in their watering trough and they will clean up every oat if you do not feed them too many at a time. It is cheaper to feed the oats whole, as the hogs do not waste any that way, while if you have them ground they try to avoid the hulls and usually waste considerable of the best part of the oats.

If you have anything the matter with your hogs just put them on to a dry oats diet and water, and see how quick they come around all right.—P. G. Freeman in Wallace's Farmer.

## SIGNS OF SWEENEY IN HORSES.

A shrunken shoulder does not necessarily mean sweeney. Some animals are naturally poorly developed, so that if both sides are exactly alike in development from a practical point of view, it is quite possible—and indeed probable—that the deficiency is natural and not accidental.

The test is by comparing the development of one shoulder with the other. Sweeney is more likely to appear in a young horse or in colts, and results from straining of some kind. A severe slip may cause the trouble, and ill-fitting collars have often been the means. A collar should fit snugly and not pull more on one side than on the other. If a horse in harness does not pull straight ahead, something is wrong. The symptoms are various. The horse may be lame or not. The first indication that will be seen may be a wasted condition of the muscles.—Barnum's Midland Farmer.

## BREEDING GAME FOWLS.

Game hens and pullets must never be allowed to run with anything but game males, as it will injure the purity of the breed, even after long separation. Game males may be kept on the same walks as hens of any other breed, but not vice versa. In breeding it is often said that two-thirds of the influence over the progeny comes from the hen, and only one-third from the male. I have found, in general, that the cock has two-thirds of the influence over the male progeny. The best chickens, however, of both sexes, will take most after the cock. If cock and hens are equal in strength of blood and constitution and in quality the weakest and worst chickens will in like manner take most after the hen, as a rule. Many breeders, however, may differ from my experience as to this.—Northwest Pacific Farmer.

## HORSE TALK.

Every fair day should be spent in the paddock or field.

A little ground flaxseed should always be added to the ration.

An oversupply will stuff the digestive tract and cause dyspepsia.

Liberal feeding must be accompanied by plenty of exercise in the open air.

If the colts do not thrive as they should, skimmed milk should be given them daily.

In cases where a weanling is weak and thin, whole cow's milk can be fed with profit.

A good allowance of bright clover hay should be given colts, but not all they will eat.

Horses should have an abundance of nourishing food, plenty of sunshine and exercise.

The greatest watchfulness and common sense should be used in the care and feeding of the weanlings.

Handle horses quietly and carefully every day as you move around them, always offering a piece of apple or sugar.

Crushed oats and barley steamed, also cooked roots mixed with ground grain and wheat bran are very nourishing and should be fed.

## WERE THOROUGH AS SPIES.

How Five Japanese Gained Secrets in St. Petersburg.

Here is a recent story in regard to the system of espionage employed by the Japanese, says a writer in the London M. A. P., which I find in a letter from St. Petersburg, published in one of the French papers.

It is a vivid picture of what these wonderful soldiers are willing to do in the interest of their country:

Toward the end of 1898 a Japanese from Kiu-Siu arrived in St. Petersburg and opened a tea warehouse on the Nevsky prospect. Shops of this kind simply swarm in the Russian capital, but all the same the Japanese prospered exceedingly. In view of the big business he anticipated at the Easter festivities during the following spring, the tea merchant got over five of his fellow-countrymen as assistants. These were all extremely agreeable, tactful young fellows, who quickly ingratiated themselves with the aristocratic clientele of the shop.

But, despite the prosperity of their business, the Japanese did not seem happy. Their melancholy was noticed and at last they confessed their secret. They did not in the least mind leaving Japan; they were delighted with Russia. What they did not like was to remain foreigners on the soil of their adopted country. Their dearest wish, they said, was to become naturalized Russians, and to be admitted into the orthodox church.

The idea appealed to the aristocratic customers of the tea shop and in due course they were admitted into the orthodox church and made Russian citizens.

Shortly after this the five new Russians wanted to get married and found families. Once more their customers interested themselves on their behalf. Brides were found in the shape of pretty young Russian work girls, dowries provided by subscription and the marriage ceremony was duly performed. Time went on, children were born and everything in the various menages seemed to be most satisfactory, when suddenly the war broke out. Two days later the Russian-Japanese team had all disappeared, leaving their wives and families behind them in St. Petersburg. St. Petersburg society was flabbergasted. The confidence it had unfortunately imparted to the team went to Tokyo in the form of private reports to the Japanese general staff, while the heroes of the story, all captains or lieutenants in the Japanese army, went back to their respective regiments.

## BIG "JOE."

"Joe" was the big high horse of the three which pulled Engine No. 76 in the West 102d street fire engine house, in New York. Joe had been on the team only six months, but he was a splendid, sagacious creature, of whom all the firemen were fond. One day in December last—the day of the first heavy snow of the season—an alarm call sounded in the afternoon just as the children of the neighborhood were let out of school.

With a rush and swing, engine No. 76 started out down the street, the three horses galloping their best. At the second corner a crowd of children were snowballing. They were too absorbed in their sport to pay attention to the driver's shout of warning. He made a desperate effort to pull in the horses, but the street pavement was covered with snow, and he could not manage it. It seemed inevitable that the high wheels of the engine would crush the little group of snow-balls.

But Joe understood. Just when they were close on the children, the big horse reared high and leaped back on the rest of the team with all his strength, carrying the other horses with him by main weight and impetus. The engine swerved and rolled by, escaping the children by only a few inches, yet leaving them untouched. But Joe was down, slipping helplessly along the snow, out on the avenue with its quadruple row of street-car tracks.

A south-bound car, at full speed, was coming resistlessly. The engine-driver yelled, the motorman jammed down the brakes, but it was too late. The big horse was wedged under the first truck, and his leg snapped like a pipe-stem.

The car was lifted. The frightened children gathered from their corner. A crowd collected. The policemen and firemen examined the helpless horse and shook their heads.

"No use. He'll have to be shot," was the unwilling verdict. The firemen took off their caps and stood bareheaded in the snow. A pistol-shot rang out, and Joe was out of his pain. He had saved the children, but given his own life to do it.

Did he understand? Who knows? At any rate, one understands the feeling of the firemen, who took off their caps, and stood in reverence as poor Joe died.—Youth's Companion.

## Truth Comes Out.

Jimson, Sr.—I thought you told me some time ago that you were not addicted to poker playing.

Jimson, Jr.—So I did.

Jimson, Sr.—But I hear you lost \$50 in a game last night.

Jimson, Jr.—Well, isn't that proof that I don't play the game?

There is no good reason why a man should not marry and settle down if he has previously settled up.

Many a self-possessed girl would like to transfer her possession to some man.

## Humorous

Passing It On.—Ellie—There's a man at the door, ma, who says he wants to "see the boss of the house." Pa—Tell your mother. Ma (calling down-stairs)—Tell Bridget.

Fashionable—First Lady—I'm taking four kinds of medicine. How many are you taking? Second Lady—Oh, medicines don't count. Operations are all the go now. I've had three.

How It Is Done.—"Josiah," said Mrs. Chungwater, "when one of the big battleships runs aground, how do they get it off?" "They pull it off with a tug of war," answered Mr. Chungwater.

When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a Norborne school girl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."—Ex.

The "Swallow's" Home.—School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is? Bobby—I kin. School Teacher—Well, Bobby? Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stummock.

Twins.—"Quite an interesting thing happened at Nupop's house last night." "There were two interesting things." "I only heard of one; the arrival of a son and heir. What was the other?" "The arrival of another son and heir."

Trying to Explain.—"Josiah," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "what is these negligay shirts I see advertised in the bargain sales?" "Well, they ain't quite so prim an' scratchy as a biled shirt—that is to say, a regular hard-biled shirt. I reckon a negligay is what you might call a soft-biled shirt."

Good Invention?—Inventor—I've hit a money-making thing at last. It is a church contribution box. Friend—What good is that? Inventor—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and halves, quarters and dimes land on velvet, but the nickels and pennies drop on a Chinese gong.

Lamb Renewed.—The proprietor of a German menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a lamb, which he labels "The Happy Family." When asked confidentially, how long these animals had lived together, he answered: "Ten months; but the lamb has had to be renewed occasionally."

Bats Them All.—Singleton—Dr. Pellet is certainly the most absent-minded man I ever saw. Wederly—Is that so? Singleton—Yes; he was married last week, and during the ceremony, when he should have placed a ring on the bride's finger, he actually felt her pulse and asked her to put out her tongue.

Imperialism.—It happened at a meeting of club women, who were settling various complicated international, national and civic affairs with their usual facility. "Do you believe in imperialism?" asked the speaker. Mrs. Strongmind rose instantly. "In the family," she said, "I do." The applause was deafening.

Profitable Tree.—"No, sir," said Dr. Mixture, "I would not have that tree cut down for any money." "But you never get any fruit from it," argued Mr. Brown; "the boys steal all the apples from it before they are half ripe." "That's just it," replied the doctor with a benignant smile, "that tree brings me in a clear \$1,000 every year."

Reciprocity.—"These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "ain't worth mending." "Then, of course," said the doctor, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them." "But I charge you fifty cents just the same." "What for?" "Well, sir, you charged me five dollars the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with me."

Sad-looking Man.—I see you have a sign out, "Maker of Women's Habits." Do you mean it? Ladies' Tailor—Certainly I do. Sad-looking Man—Well, since my wife's been going to the club she's lost all the good ones she had, and I wish you'd make her a complete new set regardless of expense. And please include the habit of staying at home once in a while and mending my clothes.

Always a Citizen.—He was very fond of traveling, and took great delight in lionizing different cities which he visited; but in one respect he was a stanch John Bull—no power on earth could persuade him that when he resided in Florence, for example, he could possibly be called a foreigner. "No, ma'am," he used to say, "the Italians are foreigners, but I am an Englishman!"

Uncle Gabe (addressing the crowd)—No, suh, gentlemen! The men in my family are men. Don't none of 'em write poetry as I know of. Young Gentlemen Poet—What is your objection to men who write poetry, may I inquire? Uncle Gabe (surveying the anaemic questioner contemptuously)—You wouldn't understand 'it if I told you, son. But hit's like peddling perfume fer a livin', when a man might be plowin'.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## American Petroleum Best.

The Greek government has again ordered a considerable quantity of American petroleum. From time to time there have been complaints in regard to the Russian petroleum furnished of late by the monopoly, and it can not be denied that the American article is of a better quality.

Men who have no regard for their friends may be regarded as friendless.

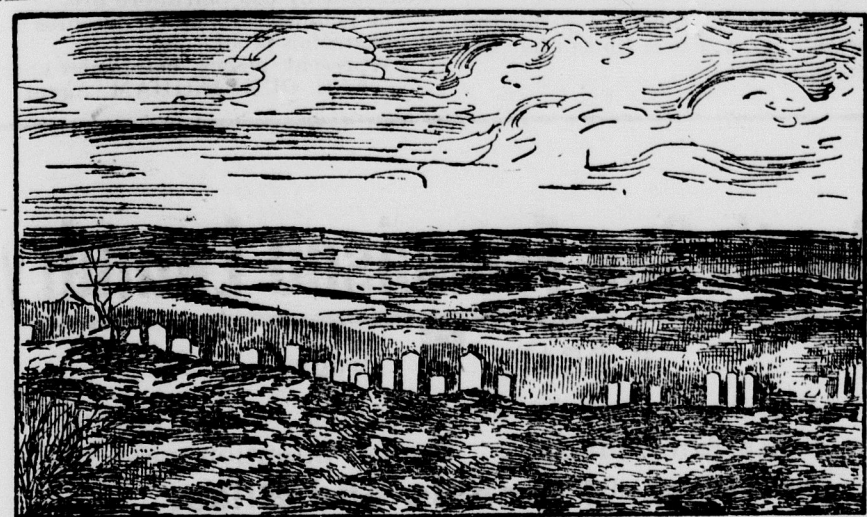


## HISTORIC GROUND.

### THE CROW INDIAN RESERVATION IN MONTANA.

Great Tract Which Is to Be Thrown Open to Settlement by the Whites, Contains the Battlefield Upon Which Custer Fell—A Rich Region.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are 473,000,000 acres of vacant unappropriated land, excluding Alaska, open for settlement, pressure is constantly being brought to bear upon Congress for the opening of lands hitherto set aside for the Indians. One reservation after another is being thrown up to settlement, the aboriginal occupants being given farms in severality if they desire to live the lives of white men, or being compelled to take circumscribed quarters if they wish to live the tribal or blanket life. Last year the greatest reservation opening was that of the Rosebud, in South Dakota. This summer two reservations will be thrown open to a certainty—the Crow, in Southern Montana, and the Uintah, in Eastern Utah. To these will probably be added the Wind River or Shoshone reservation, in Wyoming. All these reservations offer vast opportunities to the white man. The Uintah and Wind River reservations are rich in minerals, but to



BATTLEFIELD OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

the genuine homeseeker—the man who wishes to carve his fortune with no other instrument than the plow—the Crow reservation will make the most effective appeal.

#### A Rich Region.

The Crow reservation is just over the northern boundary of Wyoming, in Montana. It is one of the greatest reservations in the country, and has long been coveted by the white man. The Brush-Alliance branch of the Burlington Railroad, connecting with the Northern Pacific, extends entirely through the reservation. There is a southward branch of the Burlington, at Toluca, extending to Cody, from which one can make a delightful journey through the reservation by the new "side door route" to Yellowstone Park. Travelers who journey through the reservation by trail are astounded at the fertility of the scene that meets their eyes. Under the magic touch of irrigation, rich farms dot the landscape of bare, brown hills. But for the teepees that raise their smoke-browned tops on either side of the track, and the Indians who are seen riding or



MASSACRE MONUMENT.

driving along the roads, one might imagine he was pursuing his way through a peaceful and prosperous Western agricultural community. Most of the farms are leased by white men, as the Indian owners are not yet sufficiently skilled in the white man's methods to be a success as agriculturists. But these farms in the valley of the Big Horn show that the Crow reservation can be made to blossom as the rose when once it is dominated by the white man's touch.

For over a year the government has had surveys at work in the northern half of the Crow reservation, making surveys. Not all of the reservation will be thrown open. The Crows have ceded 1,150,000 acres to the government, and this is the portion to be taken up by the white men. The land lies along the valley of the Big Horn, and it is estimated that about 300,000 acres can be cultivated. The remainder will be used for grazing purposes. Thus the individual who draws a homestead will be doubly lucky, for not only will he have 160 acres of as fine agricultural land as there is in the West, but he will also have the privilege of using a vast acreage of grazing ground which cannot be irrigated, but which is rich in succulent grasses and which has been used as a pony range by the Crows for generations. The main canal to irrigate the homesteads will be taken from the Big Horn, and the supply of water is inexhaustible. The proceeds of the sale of the land

will be used by the Crows to benefit their own lands and herds.

#### On Historic Ground.

The homesteader who settles in the Crow reservation will find himself in historic ground. The chief place of interest on the reservation is Custer battlefield, at Crow Agency. The Custer monument can be seen from the railroad trains, on top of a knoll, about six miles from the station. It was here that the redoubtable Rain-in-the-Face and other Sioux chieftains overwhelmed Custer's detachment of 270 brave men, leaving not one to tell the story. White headstones are scattered about the monument on both slopes of the hill, showing exactly where the men lay when their bodies were found. Near at hand are many other headstones, as Custer field has been turned into a national cemetery, and here are buried the victims of the Fetterman massacre and many others who lost their lives on the plains fighting for the flag. The field will always remain one of the most interesting spots in America. Only four miles away is Reno's battlefield, where one may yet see the bones of the horses used as breastworks by the troopers who, according to many military critics, should have come to Custer's aid.

For generations the Crows have clung to the lands on which they are now located. Occasionally they were driven off by the warlike Sioux or Cheyennes, but always they came back. In the days of the fur traders

they were friendly to the white men, and have been so in the years that have followed. In fact, there has been no Indian tribe so consistently at friendship with the white people as the Crows. They might have progressed more had they not been so friendly, for it is a lamentable fact that the white men who have come most in contact with the Indian have not always been the ones fitted to do the red man the most good. To-day there are only about 1,500 members of this once mighty tribe. They are struggling to learn the white man's ways as best they can. Earnest, sincere white men are working among them, and good results will certainly follow.

#### Women Dance for Mouse.

At exactly 9:45 o'clock Thursday morning a little brown mouse stole out from the main corridor of the Missouri-Lincoln Trust building at Seventh and Olive streets and took a short constitutional of about twenty-five feet west in Olive, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the course of that innocent jaunt he frightened so many women that a feminine panic ensued and so much screaming and scurrying about was done that the mouse started back for the more masculine calm of the Missouri-Lincoln Trust building.

As he gained the entrance, however, a large and formidable-looking woman espied him, and with a wild shriek and a frenzied grasping of the skirts, began executing such a remarkable dance on the sill of the big skyscraper that the mouse lost his head and scurried clear across Olive street.

Arriving at the curb on the south side, he passed under a carriage from which two women were alighting and emerged on the sidewalk simultaneously with them. At once they set up an outcry and circled around on the pavement in a dismayed minuet such as has never before been seen in St. Louis. By this time a big crowd had gathered, and the laughter of men and boys mingled with the shrieking and screaming of women and girls. The uproar became so appalling to the mouse that finally, reckless of consequences, he precipitated himself through an open grating into a cellar and has not been seen since. His unusual and uncommon experience while in quest of a little fresh air lasted just five minutes.

#### They Got the "Glassy Eye."

A certain confectioner in New York, who caters chiefly to the little folks of the neighborhood, lately arranged his shop window with great care in preparation for a local festivity. The crowning attraction of the whole was a large chocolate tiger with most realistic green eyes, made of glass marbles, which had cost the designer 20 cents apiece. In the tiger's mouth was a card bearing the inscription: "Nothing in this window over 5 cents a quarter-pound."

A crowd of youngsters quickly assembled on the sidewalk, and presently, after much spelling over of the placard, two of them invaded the shop and deposited a nickel upon the counter.

"Say, mister," began the smaller boy, earnestly, "gimme a quarter of a pound o' tiger—the piece with the eyes in."

If some people would work hard and earn \$10,000, some one would walk up and, taking it away from them, tell them they had no business with that much money.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Mr. Stringer looked over the backyard fence and watched the stout Mr. Streeter trying to balance himself in a squatting position and pull up garden weeds at the same time. "Streeter," said he, "I've just got back from the city, and I've found out my wife is the most prudent woman in the world."

The other got up and looked round with a face as red as if he had apoplexy. "Hello, Stringer!" he coughed. "What makes you think your wife is so prudent? Has she decided not to buy any more new hats?"

"No, but she took some money I gave her and bought a piano."

"Huh!" snickered Mr. Streeter. "Is that what you call prudence?" "Wait a bit," Mr. Stringer replied. "As I say, she bought a piano about a week ago. It's a beauty! Has a rosewood case, the handsomest you ever saw. Shines like a new dollar. Polished like a mirror, carved legs, and gives a rich look to the whole house."

"Music inside?" asked the other, dryly.

"Now here's where the prudence comes in," went on Mr. Stringer, disregarding his friend's remark. "I came home last Tuesday and found the piano entirely hidden by a plush cover that hung over on each side like one of those little blankets you see tied on pug dogs. I told my wife it was a handsome cover, but that it wasn't half so pretty as the wood with its polish and handsome grain. She explained that the wood might get scratched, but that with the cover over it, it would always be just as bright as it is now."

"That was prudence, but—"

"Don't interrupt, Streeter. That isn't all. When I came home to-night I found a linen cover over the plush. Of course a brown linen cover may not be ugly, but it isn't to be compared to the plush. So I protested. I said it was a shame to hide that handsome plush affair. My wife answered that the plush cover cost nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, including the initials embroidered in yellow at the corner, and that it seemed to her wasteful to let the dust settle all over a delicate thing of that sort and make it look old and dingy inside a year. She said the linen cover was to protect it. Now that's prudence, unadulterated prudence! But between you and me, Streeter, I've been wondering if it would not have been cheaper to buy the linen cover first—then we should not have needed the plush."

"Or the rosewood piano, either," added Streeter.—Youth's Companion.

#### HIS ENGLISH THRIFT.

Points on Economy that We Spend-thrifts Might Learn.

"I think," said the woman who lives in a studio, as she emptied the tea leaves to save them for the scrub lady to clean the rug with, "that I am a very economical person. My living in this studio costs me very little. I have my breakfast about 10 o'clock, then I don't want any dinner till 6."

"But you forget," interrupted the other woman, "how much your dinners cost your friends. No, New Yorkers are not thrifty. They know next to nothing of economy. They need to learn from the English, and I mean the middle class and well-to-do English. My dear, when I was in England, my eyes were opened to the thrift of the English people."

"You talk of saving your tea leaves for the rug. Do you know what they do with their old tea leaves there? The cook dries them and sells them to some small grocer, who in turn sells them to the poor people who are his patrons."

"It is the same with the coals. A man comes around to the cook regularly, sifts the ashes and pays her for the half-burned coals. The cook doesn't receive the pay, either. She hands it, if you please, to the mistress. This happened again and again while I was visiting a prosperous family able to keep four servants."

"This was how prosperous they were. In front of their home, in the suburbs of London, there was a large grass plot. You can imagine from that what the home cost. Well, let me tell you about this grass plot and the leaves that fell from the trees on it in the fall."

"One day a man came along and asked the hostess if he could have her leaves. She walked down to the gate and bargained with him a while. Then she came back and sat down on the veranda, and presently the man began to rake up the leaves."

"When he had quite finished the maid went out to him with a silver waiter. He laid the money for the leaves on this silver waiter and the maid brought it in to her mistress."

"Now, in Boston, you know, we have to pay a man to rake up the dead leaves and cart them off. We have to pay him well. This is a fair sample of the difference in the matter of economy in the two nations."—New York Sun.

#### Happiness Deferred.

"What," asked the youth, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the sage of Sageville, "is yet to come."

"When do you expect it?" queried the inquisitive youngster.

"When people cease to ask fool questions," replied the philosophy dispenser.

When speaking of her age a woman doesn't tell you one thing to-day and another ten years later.

# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### Perils of the Dress Suit.

**C**ORRESPONDENTS of a New York newspaper have been discussing in its columns the important question whether a young man on a salary of \$15 per week should have a dress suit. An earnest philosopher at Seneca Falls sees in the dress suit a peril when owned by a young man who has this modest income. He does not consider the "spike tail" coat a menace per se. The danger, he conceives, is in the expenses its possession involves.

Perhaps there is something in this. When a man has got a dress suit he must have dress shirts. When he has them he must have studs, modest or resplendent. Calf shoes don't look well with a dress suit; so its owner must have patent dress shoes. He will regard his evening dress as incomplete until he has the proper kind of hat.

The possession of costly and fashionable raiment implies its use. A young man flushed with his first dress suit and opera hat is likely to find the street car too vulgar a conveyance. He must have a carriage to the theater. A sack coat raises no objections to a seat in the gallery, but the "swallow tail" protests that it feels out of place there, and that if it can't loll in a box, it at least must not be taken above the ground floor.

Dress shirts, dress shoes, silk hats, carriages, \$1.50 or \$2 seats at the theater—these are but a few of the costly accessories of the dress suit. The Seneca Falls philosopher pursues the theme. A young man, he says, who is in debt, robs his employer's till, or commits forgery. The dress suit of the \$15 young man thus becomes the innocent cause of its owner going to jail, where he will not have much use for it.

Whether the \$5 a week young man's dress suit gets him in jail or not—and there are many such young men who have dress suits, and yet probably never will go to jail—it is pretty sure, if he lives up to it, to keep his finances depressed. The dress suit is all right. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, although certain esthetic people do say it would be more beautiful and joyful if knee trousers were substituted for pantaloons. The accessories of the dress suit are unobjectionable. Life would be less worth living without them. But it seems tolerably plain that the \$15 young man had better postpone indulgence in them until his salary shall have been considerably increased. The attempt to carve out a dress suit career on a sack suit income has kept many men busy dodging creditors the best part of their lives.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Heroism of Physicians.

**I**T may be truly said that no class of men risk death so frequently or so freely, and there is no gainsaying that the motives which impel them are of the highest and most unselfish sort. For they not only dare, in the cause of humanity, such swift and fatal torture as marked this case, but more terrible to contemplate, they unhesitatingly lay themselves open to long years of hopeless and helpless suffering.

For the most part, the world knows little of this. The common tendency is to think of doctors as immune against those ailments and afflictions with which they must so often come in contact. The popular mind conceives them as charmed beings, forgetting for the while that suffering and death are no respecters of persons, and as a natural consequence, the thought of heroism is seldom coupled with that of healing.

Other men who are independent in business can select their own times for coming and going. The doctor cannot. They can cater to the class of trade they desire. The doctor cannot. They can, when they will, decline to dispense their wares and their services. The doctor cannot. However heavily the day's toll has weighed upon them, the evening and night are theirs for recreation or rest. The doctor's are not.

Beyond certain limits of special practice, which any emergency can shatter, he has neither choice of what or with whom he shall deal, and under any circumstances he can never call one hour, night or day, his own.

His is a heroism of constant service—not the kind that does one flaring deed which makes men stare and shout and then reposes peacefully on beds of laurels, but the kind that is never wanting in the moment of need; the kind that is content to walk in the byways as well as the highways of life, the kind that knows no distinction between rich and poor, humble and proud; the kind that means comfort and relief to the body burning with fever,

### TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY.

Michigan Man Appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Truman H. Newberry, who has been appointed assistant secretary of the navy by President Roosevelt, takes the post which



T. H. NEWBERRY.

Mr. Roosevelt himself had at the outbreak of the Spanish war. He succeeds Charles H. Darlington of Vermont, who resigned in order to accept another Federal appointment, and also to devote himself to the practice of law. Mr. Newberry was born in 1864 and graduated from the scientific school of Yale University in 1885. For several years after his graduation he was engaged in railroad construction in Michigan with his father, the late John S. Newberry. He enjoys a high standing and large influence in business circles in Detroit and the Middle West.

Though his principal activities have been on land he has obtained considerable knowledge of naval affairs both from study and from actual service, as he was one of the organizers of the Michigan naval reserve battalion, and during the Spanish war served on the auxiliary cruiser Yosemite with the rank of lieutenant. He has been a friend of President Roosevelt for some years. Mr. Newberry is married and has three children, a daughter aged sixteen and twin boys aged fourteen. Mrs. Newberry is a daughter of the late General Alfred C. Barnes, of Brooklyn borough, New York, and a granddaughter of the famous publisher, the late A. S. Barnes. As Miss Harriet Josephine Barnes she was one of the belles of Brooklyn. Mr. Newberry is several times a millionaire, and his wife inherited a large fortune. It is predicted that he will be one of

and, at the same time, to the watching heart nearby, burning with the anxiety of love.

True heroism—all the more so because it seldom has the encouragement of deserved praise—is the rule among physicians.—Philadelphia North American.

### A Peril to the Church.

**I**T is fortunate for the churches of this country that clergymen generally take emphatic exception to the attitude of the Board of Missions, which is said to have decided unanimously that it will accept Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000, and to the attitude of those other clergymen who have the temerity to come out boldly and declare that they want Mr. Rockefeller's money whether it is dirty or clean. It is fortunate for the church that this indiscriminating greed is so roundly denounced, because, when all is said and done, it is not the Mr. Rockefellers, or any other money kings, who support the religious institutions of this country. The hundred thousand dollars that a multi-millionaire may give here or there at intervals to excite commendation of his religious spirit or to mollify bitter criticisms of his business methods count as nothing against the small but steady contributions of the millions of plain American citizens who are the true supporters of the church, both with their financial aid and with their moral principles and practices.

Let the American people once understand that the church can be bribed to withhold its condemnation of injustice, oppression and crime—for every one of these is in the indictment against the Standard Oil Company—and they will as surely set their faces against the church as they have against the men who extort their hundreds of millions from the public, contributing of these robber gains the smallest fraction, either in penitence or with the charlatan's aim of hoodwinking otherwise good people into a sort of public approval of their acts.—New York Press.

### Money Worship.

**T**HE cheapening effect on human nature that money worship has cannot be declared too often. Money worship overlooks good deeds and honest hearts. It snubs deserving men and shows no respect for women. It mistakes clothes for the man and showiness for brains.

It judges no man by what he is, but every one by what he has. To the money worshiper externals are everything; character is no badge of respectability. Have money and you are somebody; be without money and you are not worth considering. The money worshiper professes a love for art because he thinks it tactful, but he disdains the artist if the artist has genius sans money. He calls immorality "bohemianism" and sneers at "the simple life" as being plebeian. He is narrow, selfish, proud, material and unimaginative.

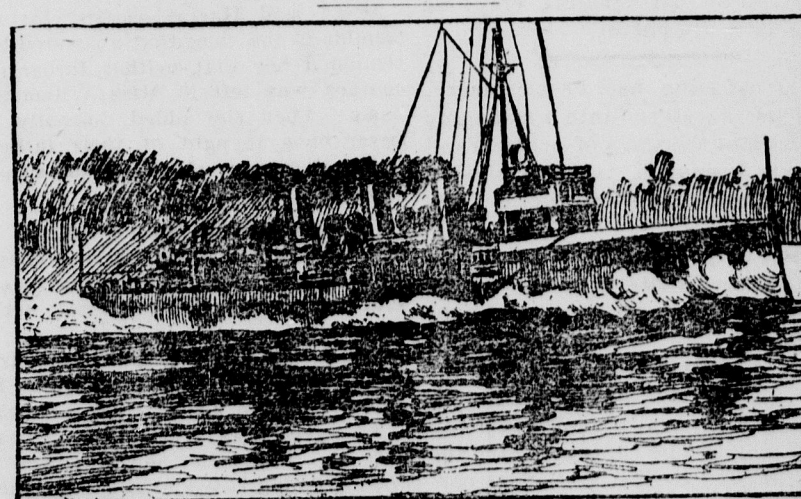
All the energies of the pulpit and the rostrum, the school and the press should make war on this stultifying tendency of the age. It is a matter that affects the very life of the human race. If the subject is old, the war should not for that reason be dropped. On the other hand, because it is old, the attacks should be continued with growing earnestness.—Louisville Courier Journal.

### Mortality in Modern War.

**T**HE mortality in modern war, notwithstanding the marked progress that has been made in the construction of rapid fire artillery and magazine rifles, does not seem to exceed that of former conflicts, if the alleged Russian official figures on the subject are measurably correct. Thus it is asserted that out of a total of 130,000

officers and men ill and wounded 77,000, or more than one-half, have returned to active service, while about 21,000 are still in the hospitals. The killed in combat during a year's hostilities, which include several bloody battles, are placed at from 40,000 to 50,000. This is a heavy toll of death, but it would undoubtedly have been much heavier but for the fact that the small bore rifles, now in use, kill fewer men proportionately than the big caliber muskets formerly employed. As for the Japanese, the proportion of recoveries both from illness and wounds among them is described both by official and non-official observers as surprisingly large.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### FASTEST WAR VESSEL AFLOAT.



The new British scout ship Sentinel, shown in the picture, is now the speediest war craft afloat. In her recent trial trip she made 25.5 knots an hour. The Sentinel is 360 feet in length and 40 feet beam and with all her equipment aboard has a displacement of 2,920 tons. She is very low amidships and aft in order to be out of sight of the enemy. She is provided with a signaling foremast, wireless telegraph gaff and a semaphore truck. Her bridge is so lofty that, while her hull will lie below the horizon of the enemy, her lookout will be able to discover the higher bulk of a vessel approaching.

### Sane or Insane?

"Is there any sure test by which to tell the sane from the insane?" inquired a student of the famous French alienist Esquirol.

"Please dine with me to-morrow at 6 o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student complied. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some line, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and

ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol with a smile. "The quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father; whereas, the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

### Jones' Accident.

"I saw Jones get his mug smashed this morning." "The dickens you did! What was he doing?" "Getting shaved; the barber dropped it."—Houston Post.

It is about time for the big towns to devise something new in wedding parades, "O Promise Me" having reached the smallest villages.



# THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905.

Oregon Exposition open.

Do your duty next Tuesday. Do not shirk by staying away from the School Bond election.

We trust every person entitled to cast a ballot will be at the polls Tuesday. A full vote is always desirable at a bond election. The issue is of such importance and of such interest to every voter that there should be no stay-at-homes. It looks at present as if the vote would be nearly unanimous for the bonds. No reason has been offered and we can conceive of none against why the bonds should not be voted. Yet it will not do to take it for granted that there will be no opposition. Those who have the good of the schools and the best interests of the town at heart should not fail to be at the polls and put in a vote for the bonds.

The Board of Supervisors will on Monday next appoint a Tax Collector for San Mateo County, to fill the vacancy caused by the sad and sudden death of the late Frank M. Granger. The applicants for the position are, so far as known at present, W. A. Price and County Recorder J. P. Johnston of Redwood City; John P. Weller and John J. Burke of San Mateo; Geo. C. Luce of Colma and Supervisor McCracken of Pescadero. We have entire confidence in the judgment of the Board and doubt not their choice will be approved by the people and that the man named to fill the unexpired term will be a man of such standing and character that the people will at the next general election endorse him by electing him to a full term.

On Memorial day an old lady was killed by a train at the railroad crossing at Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The reports of narrow escapes from being run over by Southern Pacific trains at Holy Cross Cemetery are of frequent occurrence. At the latter crossing the danger is much greater than at any other crossing in this township. In the first place, there are many more people going and coming to and from Holy Cross than any other cemetery in the county. In the second place, all the electric car passengers to and from this town and vicinity of necessity use the Holy Cross crossing. In the third place, there is a curve in the railroad both above and below this crossing. The Board of Supervisors should require the S. P. to put in gates at Holy Cross and to do it without delay. There will be death on the rail at that crossing ere long unless gates are put in.

The Trust issue has become acute. It has also developed into a monopoly and occupies the stage of political and economic discussion to the exclusion of almost every other subject or matter.

Trusts, corporations and organized capital under whatever form or name are being subjected to the searchlight of publicity.

There is little, if any danger, that any wrong or evil concealed or contained within such organization, can or will long escape exposure. In the heat generated by the respective parties to this controversy, it is essential that the great body of the American people keep cool heads, that they may render an impartial and unbiased judgment when the evidence is all in.

The Government investigation of the Beef Industry is just now the center of interest. The report of Commissioner of Corporations James R. Garfield has met with wide criticism, and in many instances, violent denunciation. Mr. Garfield is President Roosevelt's choice. The President placed Commissioner Garfield in the responsible position he occupies as the right man to investigate the entire question of the operations of corporations, trusts and like organizations. In face of the outcry against Garfield, the President stands by his Commissioner. No one, unless he may be a "dyed in the wool" partisan and political opponent of Theodore Roosevelt, will charge Roosevelt with insincerity on the Trust or any other great public question. The American people will not condemn Commissioner Garfield, nor will they prejudice the Beef Industry issue or any other, until the investigation is concluded, the evidence all in, the arguments

closed and the subject submitted, and then their verdict will be fair and final.

## ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.  
An equable and healthful climate.  
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

## MISPLACED EMPHASIS.

Had Not Considered the Really Important Point at All.

"Have you heard about Frances and Genevieve Herrick?"

Irma put the question to a group of girls in the study-room, and then turning, inquired, "Does our talk disturb you, Miss Wilmarth?"

The young woman who was correcting papers at a desk shook her head pleasantly, and Irma pursued:

"Well, those two sisters are in Europe now, following exactly the same route, but they started six weeks apart, to avoid taking the trip together!"

"Why?" sounded a surprised chorus.

"Oh, they think they are too completely merged in each other for their separate good—that Genevieve overshadows Frances in conversation, and Frances takes too much responsibility in other ways. They're great on the development of the individual, you know, and each aspires to be a 'symmetrical whole.' They said it was hard to give up having this experience together, but they're so strong-minded they determined to go with different parties because they thought each of them would get so much more out of it."

"Foolishness!" cried somebody.

"That's what their father thought. He's getting old, you know, and can't keep up with their ideas. He wanted them to go together because their mother isn't strong, and she said it would be a relief to her to have the ocean voyage over for both of them at once. Besides, she'd feel better all the time, in case one of them should be ill or anything, to know they were together. But the girls were firm, and of course their father wouldn't refuse to pay the bills. Come on—there goes the bell!"

The group dispersed, but one girl lingered.

"What do you say, Miss Wilmarth?" she asked. "Can those girls get enough benefit in the way of individual development to pay them for sacrificing the pleasure of having that trip together?"

Miss Wilmarth waited a little, and smoothed a fold of her black gown before she spoke.

"That doesn't seem the question to me, Harriet. I can't help thinking of the needless anxiety they are causing their old father and mother, and wondering whether they can get enough benefit to pay for that."

"Oh," said Harriet, softly, for the tremble in the voice that answered had reminded her that neither father nor mother was left in Miss Wilmarth's home. Then she added, honestly, "I never once thought of their father's and mother's side of it!"—Youth's Companion.

## Brusher Is Well Paid.

A woman who appealed to a charitable society for help one day last week said her son was able to assist her if he would.

"He is the brusher, and has charge of the bootblack chair in a hotel. He makes between \$30 and \$40 a week."

An agent was sent out to investigate and found the son employed in one of the big hotels of the city, where he has been for six years.

This young man told the agent that the position of brusher in a large hotel was worth at least \$30 a week, although there is no salary attached to it, if a young man attended to his business. Hotel patrons are liberal tippers. The brusher is expected to find seats for customers if the barber's chairs are filled, and to hand around the morning and illustrated papers.—Chicago Tribune.

## Not Tested Yet.

Cassidy—"Tis a fine red flannel shirt ye hav on ye."

Casey—"Ah! 'tis fine stuff and a great bargain."

Cassidy—"It looks good, but does it shrink in the washin'?"

Casey—"I dunno. Shure, Ol'ive only had it a month."—Philadelphia Press.

## Squirring.

"There goes Flopper. What side of the political fight is he on this year?"

"Oh, he is on the fence."

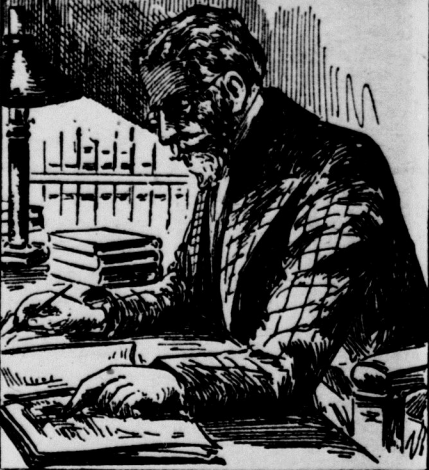
"Well, from the uneasy expression on his face it must be a barb-wire fence."

## Pa's Idea of It.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what is meant by 'courting danger'?"

Pa—"Why, er—any kind of courting, my son."

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



## One Hundred Years Ago.

Over 100 persons lost their lives by the great flood of the river Tiber.

The United States frigate Essex, Commodore Barron, arrived at Trieste. German journals announced the march of 150,000 Prussians to the frontiers of Europe.

Algerian pirates captured a Portuguese frigate with 100 men, carrying them all into slavery.

In Asia a Spanish ship with valuable cargo and \$280,000 in gold was captured by a British privateer and sent to Falmouth.

## Seventy-five Years Ago.

Several towns were destroyed by an earthquake in South America.

Navigation in the Black Sea was opened to American vessels.

The standing army of the United States numbered but 6,000 men.

The bill for a national road from Buffalo to New Orleans was rejected in the house by 88 to 105.

In New England the right of suffrage was granted to every male inhabitant of 21 years, except paupers and persons excused from paying taxes at their own request.

## Fifty Years Ago.

A free state convention drew up the Topeka constitution.

A pro-slavery legislature was organized in Kansas.

A cloud passed over New York City which caused a darkness equal to night.

A new running record for a mile was set by Henry Perritt on the Metairie course at New Orleans in 1:42.

A mob in Platte County, Missouri, ordered that no person belonging to the Northern Methodist Church should preach in that county under penalty of tar and feathers or hemp rope.

## Forty Years Ago.

President Lincoln was shot by Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C. Secretary Seward was attacked at home and wounded. President Lincoln the next day died from the wound inflicted by Booth. Andrew Johnson was sworn in as President.

A convention was reached between General Sherman and General Johnson (Confederate) for the surrender of the latter's army, but was disavowed later by the government.

Investigation in Washington by military and civil authorities fixed the identity of the murderer of President Lincoln as J. Wilkes Booth.

## Thirty Years Ago.

Two aeronauts were suffocated and a third nearly perished in an ascent of 20,000 feet in Paris by balloon.

A plan of putting iron gunboats in the Rhine to offset a similar proposed plan by France was announced by Germany.

Emperor William of Germany signed the bill withdrawing the rights enjoyed by the Catholic church. A papal newspaper in Berlin was suppressed.

The British House of Commons rejected a petition to dismiss from the bench the judges who had presided in the Tichborne case, on the grounds of partiality, and to impeach the speaker for similar reasons.

## Twenty Years Ago.

A mob at Pierre, Dak., lynched a white murderer on a flagpole in front of the courthouse.

The body of C. Arthur Preller, of London, slain by Maxwell, was found in a trunk in a St. Louis hotel.

The presence of the Princess of Wales alone prevented violence to the Prince from a mob in the streets of Cork, through which the royal party passed.

## Ten Years Ago.

Joseph B. Greenhut was deposed from the presidency of the whisky trust after he had refused to resign.

The body of Blanche Lamont was found in the belfry of the Emanuel Baptist Church in San Francisco, in the library of which the body of Minnie Williams had been found on the previous day.

San Francisco police believed they had fixed the murder of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams on Theodore Durant, and formally charged him with the crime, for which he later was hanged.

John M. Palmer and friends in Chicago organized the Honest Money League, to oppose the free silver movement of Governor Altgeld.

Nicaragua's attempt to evade the payment of debts to England nearly involved the United States in a contest with Britain.

## A Bit of Japan.

Later that day, at a hamlet which could boast no officials and no academies, yet where our train stopped ten minutes, there stood a typical country schoolmaster, with his female assistant and their twenty elementary pupils. In very broken English he bashfully told me he had been teaching his pupils about benevolence and charity, and how these virtues were exemplified by our coming so great a distance to aid the people of another land. To impress the lesson more deeply on their memories, he said, he had brought them to see and greet us. An incident like this throws a vivid light on the Japanese mind and ideas of education. One of the most remarkable things in the Japanese character is the combination of that fiery heroism in battle, of which all have read, with the gentleness, courtesy and simpleminded, almost childlike frankness which was shown to us.—From Anita Newcomb McGree's "The American Nurses in Japan," in the Century.

## Fast Flying.

The czar smiled over his batch of dispatches.

"There is no use of talking," he chuckled. "Kuropatkin is a bird."

"A bird?" repeated one of the court officials. "Why should your excellency consider him a bird?"

"Because one report says the Japanese cut off his left wing, and another says he was flying to the northward."

## Undoubtedly.

"Man," remarked the typewriter boarder, who reads the scientific pages of patent medicine almanacs, "is said to be 90 per cent water."

"That," rejoined the bachelor with the absent hair, "is probably why he finds it so much easier to go down hill than up."

## As Others See Us.

Algernon—It—aw—takes nine tailors to—aw—make a man, doncher know.

Jack—According to that, I suppose a dressmaker was employed in your case.

## SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the electors of San Bruno School District of San Mateo County, State of California, that, in accordance with the provisions of the Political Code of the State of California, as set forth in Article XXI, Title III, Part III, from and including section 1880 to and including section 1890 of said Code, an election will be held on the 6th day of June, A. D. 1905, at the Public School House of said San Bruno District, in the Town of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, at which time will be submitted to the electors of said District whether the bonds of said District shall be issued and sold for the purpose of raising money for purchasing school lots, for building or purchasing one or more school houses in said School District, for insuring the same, for supplying the same with furniture and necessary apparatus, and improving the grounds thereabout;

The polls will be open, and the election held at the Public School House of said San Bruno School District, in the Town of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, on the 6th day of June, A. D. 1905, and said polls will be open from one (1) o'clock p. m. until five (5) o'clock p. m. of said day; and J. L. Woods will act as inspector of said election, and D. O. Daggett and W. S. Taylor will act as judges of said election, to conduct the same; The amount of bonds to be issued is Twenty Thousand (\$20,000) Dollars, of the denomination of One Thousand (\$1000) Dollars each, and to bear interest at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum, interest payable annually. Said bonds are to be numbered consecutively one (1) to twenty (20) inclusive, and are to run for the number of years, and will mature as follows, viz:

Bond No. 1, for \$1000, one year from its date.  
Bond No. 2, for \$1000, two years from its date.  
Bond No. 3, for \$1000, three years from its date.  
Bond No. 4, for \$1000, four years from its date.  
Bond No. 5, for \$1000, five years from its date.  
Bond No. 6, for \$1000, six years from its date.  
Bond No. 7, for \$1000, seven years from its date.  
Bond No. 8, for \$1000, eight years from its date.  
Bond No. 9, for \$1000, nine years from its date.  
Bond No. 10, for \$1000, ten years from its date.  
Bond No. 11, for \$1000, eleven years from its date.  
Bond No. 12, for \$1000, twelve years from its date.  
Bond No. 13, for \$1000, thirteen years from its date.  
Bond No. 14, for \$1000, fourteen years from its date.  
Bond No. 15, for \$1000, fifteen years from its date.  
Bond No. 16, for \$1000, sixteen years from its date.  
Bond No. 17, for \$1000, seventeen years from its date.  
Bond No. 18, for \$1000, eighteen years from its date.  
Bond No. 19, for \$1000, nineteen years from its date.  
Bond No. 20, for \$1000, twenty years from its date.

Said election will be held as provided by law, and as nearly as practicable in conformity with the provisions of the Political Code of the State of California governing such elections. San Bruno School District of San Mateo County, State of California.

AMBROSE McSWEENEY,  
Chairman of said Board of School Trustees.

THOMAS MASON,  
Clerk of said School District, and Clerk and Secretary of said Board of School Trustees.

C. S. DUER,  
THOMAS MASON,  
AMBROSE McSWEENEY,  
Members of and constituting the Board of School Trustees of San Bruno School District in and of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

Dated, May 9, A. D. 1905.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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## IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco. San Mateo County.

He Was Skeptical.  
"I can tell the character of any woman by her hair," said the wise man.  
"Nonsense!" rejoined the skeptical person. "Many a true woman has hair that is false."

# South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

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Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

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**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.**

**House Broker, Notary Public.**

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE, Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.







## MEMORIES OF LAST NIGHT.

Across the gray of last night's skies  
The stars like white narcissus clung,  
And, sweetheart, mirrored in your eyes  
The halo of their glory hung.  
While far and wide the moonlight  
flung,  
And somewhere, in our world apart,  
A mocker's sudden music swung—  
Last night, sweetheart.

The song below, the stars above,  
Seemed but to meet and melt into  
A silver symphony of love,  
That thrilled our listening senses  
through;  
And, close within my arms, you knew  
The depth of each unspoken thought,  
While life for me held only you—  
Last night, sweetheart.

And, oh, can there be more than this  
Beyond the mystery of the skies?  
A heaven sweeter than your kiss?  
And Eden dearer than your eyes?  
I am not good, nor great, nor wise,  
And yet by some strange chance Fate  
wrought  
I found the way to paradise—  
Last night, sweetheart.  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## HIS FIRST LOVE

A LONELY passenger stood on the promenade deck of the Deutschland as the great liner cut its way through the stormy waves of the Atlantic. He seemed lost in thought as he stood leaning against the railing gazing at the waves which broke themselves into seething foam against the side of the vessel.

Suddenly a young girl's sweet voice aroused him from his dreams.

"So here you are, doctor! If Miss Hess knew that you prefer listening to the waves instead of to her singing it would be all over between you." She laughed a delightful silvery laugh and her pretty little face looked teasingly at the doctor, who evidently tried not to meet her eyes. It was a moment before he answered:

"You asked me to-day, Miss Lingen, if it was long for my old home which takes me back to Germany after six years in America. At that time I evaded your questions. Now I feel like telling you what drives me back, if you do not think it will be too tiresome to listen to a story, which is probably of no interest to you."

"No, I am sure your story will interest me, doctor," she replied softly.

"It was seven years ago. I had just been graduated from college, and was doing hospital service at Berlin. As I thought myself the son of a wealthy father I enjoyed life in full measure, never thinking of where the money was to come from which I so recklessly spent. One evening I accepted the invitation of a friend to be his guest at a supper in company with some chorus girls from the Thalia Theater.

"One of these, a sweet, quiet girl of 16, attracted my attention because of her dignified behavior, which was in marked contrast to that of the others, who were anything but conventional in their manners. She seemed to me the embodiment of all womanly beauty and virtues. I soon found out that she had gone on the stage only to support her mother, who was an invalid, and that she was anything but happy at the life behind the footlights.

"To make a long story short, I fell deeply in love with her with all the fervor of my 24 years. Then my father died suddenly, and instead of a fortune left nothing but debts. This upset all my plans. I saw that from now on I must rely only upon myself, and to marry a poor girl under these circumstances appeared to be wholly out of the question.

"I would not give up my Paula, however, but told her that we would have to postpone our wedding, and she promised to wait for me. She had left the stage when we became engaged, and now took a position in an office at a miserable salary, while I went to America to seek my fortune.

"In the beginning, we corresponded every three days, and every steamer brought me long letters from her, but in the foreign country my love seemed to wane, and soon I wrote less regularly and at last stopped entirely, though her letters to me told me of her despair at losing me.

"And at last her letters also ceased. She had become convinced of my faithlessness, the tie was broken and I must admit that I felt it as a great relief.

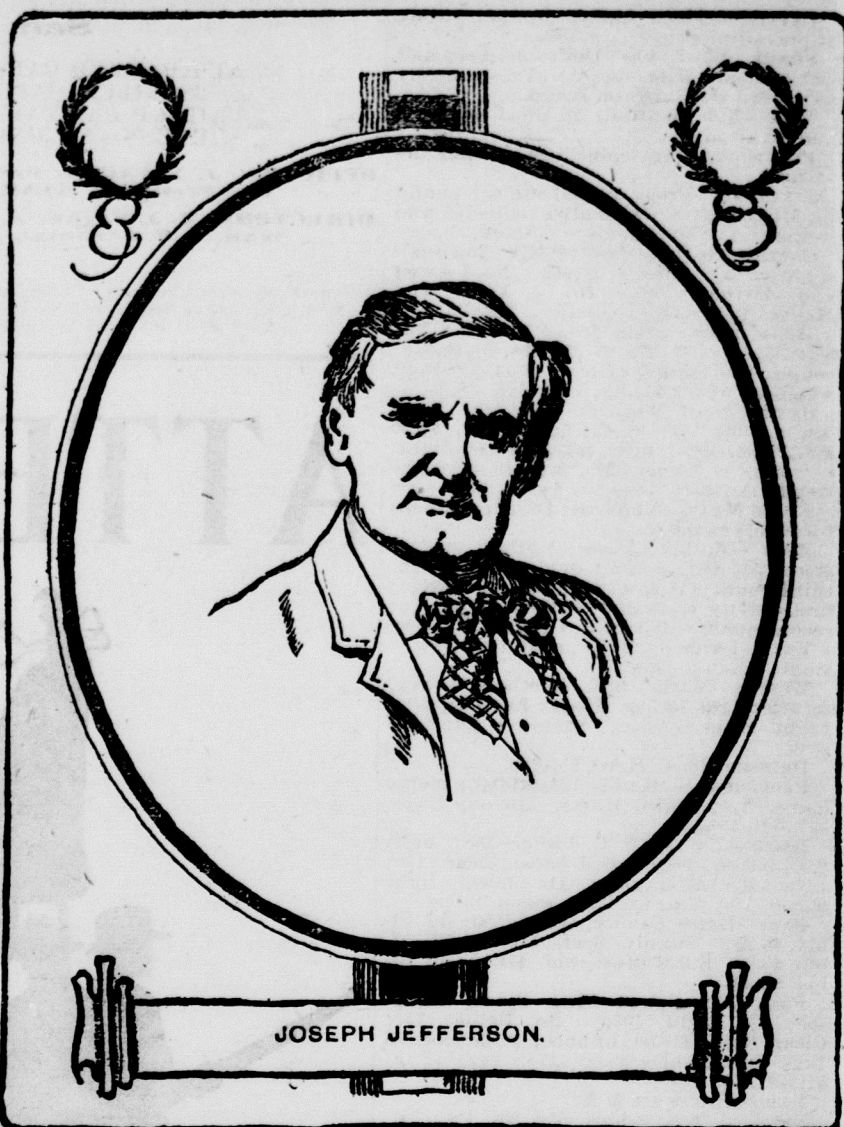
"Then, one evening, about 18 months ago, I was called to the deathbed of a poor young girl who had taken poison because her lover had proved faithless. Never shall I forget the terrible sufferings of that poor creature. When she had died and I went home I felt like a murderer in my own eyes—I, who had behaved in the same outrageous manner to a sweet girl who loved me with all her heart. The memory of Paula followed me everywhere. It almost drove me insane, and now I am on my way back to try to find her."

He had finished his story and the young girl, who had not interrupted him once, remained silent. After a few moments' silence he said softly: "Have I lost your good opinion, Miss Lingen? Will you now think of me as a heartless scoundrel, who has ruined the life of an innocent girl?"

She looked into his eyes for a moment, and said, evidently deeply touched at what she had just heard:

"No, doctor. As I see how much you suffer now I cannot condemn you. You have made a grave mistake, but I hope that you will not find it too late

## RIP VAN WINKLE'S LAST SLEEP.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

There have been few actors who have had so large a measure of popularity as that enjoyed by Joseph Jefferson, says the Chicago Daily News. It may be doubted if among them all there has been one whose relations with the public were quite so close and cordial. The sentiment of American theater-goers toward the venerable impersonator of Rip Van Winkle and Bob Acres was much like that of personal friendship, and the news of his death will awaken a feeling akin to that of personal loss. It is a question whether in later years it was the public's admiration for Mr. Jefferson's art or its regard for the man that caused him to be so heartily welcomed in all parts of the country.

It is one of the noteworthy features of the veteran actor's long life that throughout his career he clung steadfastly to his own ideas, uninfluenced by passing fads and employing methods as far as possible removed from mere theatricalism. From the beginning, apparently, his acting was marked by a quiet naturalism in which his peculiarly genial temperament and sunny humor found its best chance for expression. Fashions in acting and fashions in playwriting have come and gone, but they left him unchanged. It is a vindication of the real worth of his art and of his own judgment there of that the last few years found him still charming large audiences in the same great old plays wherein he won his fame.

The deep and widespread regret with which his death has been received is tempered by the consolation that always comes in the contemplation of a long and happy life that has been filled with successful achievement and has exceeded the allotted span of years.

to make it good again. I wish you luck with all my heart."

The steamer had arrived at Hamburg and the passengers had left for all parts of Europe. By accident, Mrs. Lingen and her daughter spent another day with Dr. Bernhard Waltenrath. They found themselves at the same hotel, as none of them could get a train until the next day.

In the evening the ladies accepted his invitation to visit the theater. On the program the star of the evening appeared under the name of Paula Wildt and it was easy to hear even before the curtain rose that she was a great favorite with the audience. Her name was on everybody's lips and a storm of applause greeted her appearance on the stage.

As she came forward to the footlights, and the light fell on her beautiful girlish face and form an expression of surprise escaped the doctor's lips and when Miss Lingen turned to look at him she saw that he was dead—pale.

"For God's sake, doctor," she whispered, "are you ill?"

But he only took her hand and said in a voice half suppressed with emotion:

"It is she—Paula!"

Ada Lingen turned pale now in her turn and tried to conceal the tears which rose to her eyes.

The curtain went down, but the audience would not stop applauding and called loudly for "Frau Wildt."

Turning to a gentleman near him, Dr. Waltenrath asked:

"Is she then married?"

"Why, of course she is," was the reply; "she married a wealthy merchant five years ago and is the happy mother of two beautiful children."

The doctor commenced to applaud wildly. Ada Lingen sat still, an expression of unspeakable happiness in her pretty, girlish face.

Never had Dr. Waltenrath enjoyed a play as this, and when he later placed the cloak upon Ada's shoulders, he whispered into her ear:

"How lucky it is not everybody who commits suicide from unhappy love. She did not look as if she was still mourning the loss of her first love."

It is hardly necessary to add that the little party did not separate the next day, and that when the doctor crossed the Atlantic a couple of months later he did not cross alone.

## MAUDE ADAMS AND HER HOMES.

Actress Owns Three Places, but Sandy Garth Is Favorite.

Maude Adams' delight is to ride about her farm at Ronkonkoma, Long Island, and superintend the general farming operations that are carried on there, says a writer in the Twentieth Century Home. She owns many acres of fields, pasture and woodlands, with a roomy, comfortable old farmhouse, which she has modernized only just enough to afford some of the luxuries demanded by life as we know it today. It is not a modern showhouse, but just a nice, sensible abode into

which to retire from the glare of the theater.

Miss Adams spends nearly all her spare time on this farm, although she also owns a picturesque cottage at Oyster Bay, in the Catskills, to which she is apt to retire in the autumn for a complete change of air, just before beginning her season.

Besides these country homes she owns a house in New York, on East 41st street, near Madison avenue. Here she resides during her long New York engagements. But even during these, she puts in as much time as possible at Sandy Garth. Every Saturday night, when she leaves the Empire Theater, it is to hurry as fast as a special train can carry her to Ronkonkoma.

On her farm she is outdoors from daylight to dusk. She raises pigs and chickens and sells them, and also has wood cut and disposed of for profit. She is, in fact, a "lady farmer," and so much enjoys being one that if she ever retires from the stage she certainly will devote herself wholly to farming.

She carefully guards her privacy. A fine kennel of St. Bernard dogs is one of the features of the place. These handsome dogs have been taught to know a camera when they see one and make a furious charge upon any person who trespasses upon the grounds with malicious photographic intent. The trespasser is apt to make what in theatrical parlance is known as a "quick exit."

Miss Adams' cottage at Oyster Bay commands a picturesque view of the region so famous in legend. It is partly of rough stone, partly frame, with a wide, roomy veranda. In one especially attractive corner the floor is laid with rugs, there is comfortable furniture, even a table with a lamp for reading in the evening hours, and a spinning wheel which gives a quaint, old-fashioned touch to this charming outdoor nook in the actress' mountain home.

The drives and bridle paths about Oyster Bay are beautiful and Maude Adams is as familiar with them as she is with the ins-and-outs behind the scenes of a theater. While at Sandy Garth she takes most of her outdoor exercise on horseback. At Oyster Bay she drives a great deal.

## Navy of the Lord.

The Moberly, Mo., Democrat tells of a negro exhorter who shouted: "Come up en jine de army of de Lord." "Ise done jined," replied one of the congregation. "Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter. "In de Baptist church." "Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yoh ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy."

Are you old-fashioned enough to remember an "illumination?" When the writer of this was a boy, the receipt of good news from the war would cause all "union" families to place tallow candles in their windows, and illuminate, whereas the houses of copperheads would remain dark.

The motto of some men is, "Give me liberty or give me debt."

## THE HORNED OWL'S NEST.

In One Case a Crow's Nest, Only Slightly Remodeled, Was Used.

Work had been going on all day in the sugar bush; the sap had been gathered and drawn to the boiling-place, until there remained but a few scattering trees to be visited near the swamp. The boy was softly whistling to himself, when a rabbit with easy, graceful bounds crossed the road but a few paces ahead of him and stopped by the side of a birch-bush to nibble the tender buds. Just then a startling sound came up from the swamp.

Why did the rabbit pause in his dainty meal and squat in his very tracks until his form more nearly resembled a footprint in the snow than a living mammal? The chattering red squirrel dropped into the crotch of a tree, and ceased to chatter, as the ominous and almost supernatural "Who-o-hoo-hoo-wo-hoo" sounded through the dismal swamp and echoed through the maple grove. This was the hunting-call of the great horned owl.

The actions of the rabbit and squirrel did not surprise the boy, who had always heard that this owl was a veritable Nero among the feathered race. As yet he had never discovered the nest of the great horned owl. It was now the first week in March. Of late he had heard the weird call frequently from the swamp, causing him to believe the birds were nesting there, and he fully determined to make a search for that nest.

The next day was spent in a fruitless search, and it perplexed the boy, for often he had located the nest of the bobolink and meadow lark—nests that are not easily found.

But the second day's search ended, about noon, in rather an interesting manner. The boy stopped for lunch and a little rest under a hemlock that he knew well, for, the spring before, a pair of crows had a nest in the tree. The old nest was still there, and, just to see what condition it was in after the storms of winter, he ascended the tree. The nest was between fifty and sixty feet from the ground. Just imagine the boy's surprise when about thirty feet from the nest to see a great horned owl silently glide off and wing its way through the tree tops. It was a revelation, upon reaching it, to find that the great horned owl had really used the old crows' nest, which had the appearance of being slightly remodeled, and was sparsely lined with evergreen leaves and feathers. In the nest were three white eggs, about the size of a bantam's. The boy afterward learned that the usual number of eggs deposited by the great horned owl is two, and that sometimes the bird constructs a nest for itself in a hollow tree or an evergreen.

On the first day of April there were two little owls in the nest, and a day later a third appeared. They were queer-looking birds, seeming to be nearly all head and eyes, and their bodies were covered with the softest down.

The young birds grew very slowly, although the remains of fish, mice, squirrels, rabbits and birds of various kinds furnished abundant evidence that the old birds were lavish in supplying food. They remained in the nest for about eleven weeks, which is long compared with most of our birds—many young birds leaving the nest in from twelve to fifteen days, and the woodcock, bob-white and ruffed grouse in about as many hours.—St. Nicholas.

## GIPSIES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

Local authorities in England have had a lively time of late with a band of Macedonian Gipsies that, as a contributor to Smith's Weekly of London rather cynically puts it, landed on these hospitable shores to swell the merry ranks of unemployed.

First the Herts police turned them into Essex; then the Essex police turned them into Cambridgeshire; then the Cambridgeshire police hustled them along on their own account, and so on. I rather reckon this is exactly what the Macedonian or any other kind of Gipsy wants. All he doesn't much care about is to be kept long in the same place.

I remember when on the Continent last winter running against a party of Tziganes, or Gipsies, from Hungary, who had found themselves so harried by the police of Austria, Germany, and other countries, that they had been driven over into poor little Denmark, scores of them, wives, children, and all the rest, who passed the time of day stealing and telling fraudulent fortunes in languages understood by none of their customers.

But when they arrived at Copenhagen, thinking themselves in for a nice quiet time among the harmless Danes, they were surprised to be met at that station by a body of polite policemen. These officials escorted the Gipsies from the arrival platform, across the station to the departure platform, on which was waiting another train back to the German ferry boat. Into this train the gipsies were politely packed, and in half an hour were merely steaming back again to Germany.

Germany in turn refused to land them, so the Gipsies spent many pleasant days and nights going to and fro on board the Baltic ferry steamers. What became of them finally I have no idea. They may be on those steamers to-day—unless, of course, Germany or Denmark kindly shipped them over to England.

When a woman can't think of any other way to get rid of her money she hunts up a dentist and gets her teeth renovated.

Some dramas might be improved by putting on the final act first.

## VICE ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY.



Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, commander of the Russian Baltic fleet, is said to be the most daring of the Czar's naval commanders. He won the St. George's cross for bravery in the Turkish war, when with a small gunboat he had the hardihood to attack a Turkish battle ship and then get safely away. In appearance he is said to resemble the late Admiral Sampson, of the American navy. Further, it is alleged, that he can freeze a man with a look, and that he is adamant once he reaches a decision. Rojestvensky says the only strategy in battle is to fight. When the commander of the Varlag, blown up at Chemulpo, was welcomed back to Russia, Rojestvensky said he should have been hanged, asserting that in place of attempting to fight, the Russian commander should have done all in his power to ram and sink some of the Japanese ships which surrounded him, no matter what his fate might have been.



Varicose Veins.—Peel a potato, grate it fine and place it on a white cloth long enough to go around the limb with only potato enough to well cover the ulcer. Warm it a little and apply in the morning. Renew at noon and also at night before retiring. Let it remain all night. Put on three new poultices the next day just the same and continue to do so until the ulcer is entirely healed. Wash the ulcer every time the poultice is renewed.

Spring Fever.—This is the time of year when everybody goes grunting around without knowing just what ails them. This is due to the alternating changes of climate between winter and summer which superinduces biliousness and general lassitude. On Saturday take one grain of calomel each hour and the following morning take ten ounces of soda phosphate dissolved in the night before in warm water. If this is not at hand take a dose of seltz, epsom or sprudel salts and the effect will be the same.

Comparative Temperatures.—Man's low temperature is responsible for more than half his ailments. The normal temperature is 98½ degrees Fahrenheit, and it is only when one has a bad temperature that it runs up as high as any of the lower animals. That is to say, when a person is in a high fever with a temperature of 102 the normal heat of the cat, the dog, the ox, the rat and so on is reached. In the coolest of seas the porpoise is never cooler than 100 degrees. The bat, the rabbit, the guinea pig, the hare and the elephant likewise are all cool at 100 degrees. The hen has the highest temperature of all the lower creatures.

Measles.—This common disease among children begins like a cold, with sneezing and watery redness of the eyes. It is not very dangerous unless complications arise—cold, pneumonia, etc. Such complications often lead to the determination of the disease to certain parts, as the eyes, lungs, etc., with bad results. It is very contagious through all stages, but is less so after the eruptions disappear. The patient must be kept warm, with copious drinks of cold water, and a cabinet bath is a good thing at the right stage if the breaking out is delayed. When the attack is mild aconite and pulsilla given in alternation of four globules each every two or three hours is all that is necessary.

## THIS IS A FOWL SUGGESTION.

Treasonable Hint to Supplant the Eagle as the National Bird.

The suggestion may seem radical, but why not depose the eagle and choose a more appropriate national bird, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The eagle is a bird of prey, destroying many more useful birds; he is not

beautiful, except when soaring at great heights, in which distance lends enchantment to the feathered pirate, and he is an emblem of the most tyrannical monarchies in the world. Russia had adopted him long before our republic was born. Austria used him so long that he became shagworn. Ancient Rome robbed and ravaged, using him as its appropriate emblem.

In the Continental Congress, when a national bird was selected, the eagle won over the turkey by only one vote. Washington and Franklin favored the turkey as a bird of peace distinctively American, not at war with everything else wearing feathers, including its own kith and kin. Why should a country like ours adopt a second-hand emblem already stained with the deeds of tyrants and the misdeeds of despots?

Why not adopt the plain, useful, peaceful and practical American hen? While not a singer, her "lay" is pleasing and preferable to the shrill scream of an eagle with its talons dripping innocent blood. The hen is industrious, unassuming and devoted to usefulness. She is an exponent of the simple life in all its beauty and seductiveness. She fills our beds with feathers, our departments of the interior with omelets and our souls with satisfaction. Her eggs bring millions of dollars monthly to our people, exclusive of those her owners consume.

Her spring chickens, though the "spring" in them sometimes resembles rubber, have fancy price-marks attached and are justly esteemed. You cannot eat eaglets or get rich on eagles' eggs. The cackle of the household hen is musical, though not entrancing. She is sociable and does not, like the eagle, hold herself aloof. She is immortal, for her son never sets. She is brave, and for her little brood will fight anything from a mammoth to a mouse. As for the eagle's boasted prowess, a game rooster can whip him to a sandpaper finish and make himself resemble twice 15 cents if he will only stay on the earth for a round or two.

Make the hen our national bird, and instead of the arrows and olive branches let her hold in her useful claws a statement of the annual egg money and a certificate from the housewives, with the motto, "Miscete dulce utill." Retire the boastful, impractical, predatory eagle, and substitute the feathered queen of the republic.

## Facts About Irrigation.

Nowhere is irrigation practiced so extensively as in India, where about 25,000,000 acres are irrigated. Egypt is next. The Assuan dam in the Nile is considered one of the greatest engineering feats in the history of the human race. Irrigation is new in Australia, but is spreading rapidly there, and the same is more or less true of South Africa. The practice of irrigation has declined or entirely disappeared in many regions where it prevailed in remote antiquity.

## Not "Fast Black."

Dottle.—Why don't you take off your stockings? Johnnie.—All of 'em's off that'll come off. Ma bought these at a bargain sale for 8 cents a pair.—Cleveland Leader.

Wise is the girl who can tell whether a young man is in love or is merely breaking in a new pair of shoes.

A man's most distant relatives are those who have the most money.



## THINK OF IT!

This Pretty Matron Had Headache and Backache, and Her Condition Was Serious.

### PE-RU-NA CURED



MRS. M. BRICKNER.

99 Eleventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

"A short time ago I found my condition very serious. I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peru, and was discouraged when I took the first dose, but my courage soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored."—Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that catarrh of the head which is caused by catarrh of the female sex are not commonly recognized as catarrh.

#### FEMALE TROUBLE NOT RECOGNIZED AS CATARRH.

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peru cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

#### Paste Jewels.

Bookworms spin gold for publishers. Advertising makes authors. An unprejudiced critic never reads a book until after he reviews it.

Most of the rose-colored dreams of romance are yellow-backed. The only effective place for a heroine to faint is in a hero's arms.

In novels, as in real life, there's many a slip between the engagement and the wedding trip.

Many a spring poem has been punctured with a blue pencil.

It is better to have your hero born great than to thrust greatness on him in the last chapter.

A good press agent is rather to be chosen than a great plot.—New Orleans Picayune.

#### Those Boston Girls.

Emily—Martha is very censorious of people who use cosmetics. She says she never did anything for her complexion.

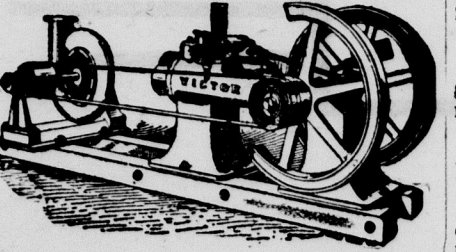
Edith—Guess that's where she's wise; a complexion like hers is incorrigible.—Boston Transcript.

### 1905 LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

For first-class hotel and room accommodations in Portland during the Exposition apply at once and send your reservation fee of \$2.00 to apply on rent of your room. Rooms in all parts of the city. 50 cents to \$2.00 a day.

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Cancers and Tumors of the Breast, Face, Lips or any part of the Body, treated in from one to four minutes. One treatment makes a cure. Cures guaranteed or NO PAY. Cut this ad out. Paste it in your Bible. It may be the means of saving your life. Write for pamphlet. Address **Dr. J. L. Bohannon & Co.** 233 Hyde Street - San Francisco, Cal.

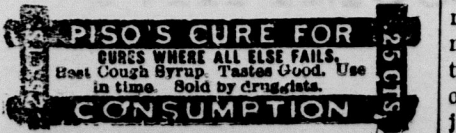
## THE Keeley Cure

The Only Cure for Liquor and Drug Addiction endorsed by the U. S. Government. Call or send for explanatory matter.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS KINDLY MENTION THIS PAPER.

S. F. N. U. No. 22, 1905



**PISO'S CURE FOR** CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. **CONSUMPTION**

### The Need of Commercial Schools.

The most interesting educational development in Germany to me is the development of higher commercial education, writes Frank A. Vanderlip in Scribner's. We recognize that an engineer or a mechanic will profit by a technical education. There is no longer a doubt that a technical education will enable such a man to outstrip in the long run his fellows who have equal ability, but have learned only in the slower and less scientific school of experience. There are as good reasons, I am convinced, for giving the banker or the merchant a technical commercial education. The schools do not turn out a practical engineer, nor will they turn out a practical banker or merchant, but I believe that there is a great amount of information needed by a man in commercial life which is capable of scientific classification, and can be taught with much greater efficiency, and with much less loss of time, in a properly organized school than it can be gathered in the ordinary course of an apprenticeship in a business career.

#### The Wily Japanese.

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, says the New Orleans States, has a new story which he tells with great glee. He says he heard two women discussing his nation.

"The Japanese," said one of them, "ought to be excluded from the country. Their young men come here to school, and no sooner do they arrive than they begin a systematic course of cheating."

"How is that?" asked the other. "They only pay tuition for one," said the complainant, "and they learn enough for two or three."

#### Essay About the Pig.

One boy gives the following information about the pig: "A pig when living has four legs, but when you kill it the butcher says it only has two, because he calls the front legs shoulders and the back legs are called hams. Ham tastes nice, and they boil it to eat at a wedding. The missus sprinkles little bits of toast on it to make it look pretty."

#### Where Poverty Raps.

Singleton—What, after being married only two months you find yourself broke? Well, cheer up, old man, and remember that love makes the world go round.

Wedderly (sadly)—Yes, I suppose so; but it doesn't make the grocer and butcher come around.

#### Almost Innocent.

Austere Aunt—I don't consider it keeping Lent at all, Minerva, when you stuff yourself with all kinds of pickles.

Miss Minerva—That's unjust, auntie. I don't. I only eat five or six of the varieties now.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Some men hunt for things to drive to strong drink.

People who govern others have learned to govern themselves.

**FITS** permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The girl who marries her idol often finds he is only clay.

One deed does the world more good than a book of creeds.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The woman who wears décolleté gowns evidently has no fear of the backbiter.

Some defeats must come to make success sweet.

**African Stomach Bitters.** Fine appetizer. Medicinal value unsurpassed. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

The only man who can afford to gamble with destiny is he who has nothing to lose.

It's easy enough to get into trouble, but it's hard to find the exit.

With the aid of a microscope any one can see what appears to be a gilt edge on the best steel, but a blind man can discover a "gilt edge" on the best whisky.—Old Gilt Edge.

#### When Chase Was a Posse.

Justice Chase, who had the distinction of being the first man ever impeached in the United States, appears to have been the original apostle of the strenuous life, says the Baltimore American. His father was a clergyman, but young Chase from his boyhood seems to have been an aggressive fighter.

A Marylander, born in Somerset County, he became the leader of the friends of liberty in that State and he was one of the five delegates from Maryland to the continental congress of 1774. He took a very prominent part in the stirring days that followed and as he grew older he appears constantly to have grown more aggressive. In 1794 he was chief justice of the general court of Maryland. There had been a riot in Baltimore and Chief Justice Chase had ordered the arrest of two of the ringleaders. The sheriff was afraid to arrest them and so reported to Chief Justice Chase.

"Summon a posse," ordered Mr. Chase.

"Sir," replied the sheriff, "no one will serve."

"Then summon me," ordered the chief justice. "I will be your posse."

The sheriff swore in the chief justice and thereupon Chief Justice Chase marched with the sheriff to the two men whose arrest he had ordered, and taking each one of them by the scruff of the neck hauled them bodily to the jail.

### Railroads and Progress.

In his testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce at Washington on May 4th, Prof. Hugo K. Meyer of Chicago University, an expert on railroad management, made this statement:

"Let us look at what might have happened if we had heeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania (in the seventies when grain from the west began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard) and acted upon the doctrine which the Interstate Commerce Commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi river who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway a year, we should not have today east of the Mississippi a steel and iron producing center which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, because we could not have built up a steel and iron industry if there had been no market for its product."

"We could not have in New England a great boot and shoe industry; we could not have in New England a great cotton milling industry; we could not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversified kinds, because those industries would have no market among the farmers west of the Mississippi river."

"And while the progress of this country, while the development of the agricultural West of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippi river that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant incidentally the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen, these things were not foreseen in the seventies. The statesmen and the public men of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the West was going to play in the industrial development of the East. And you may read the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The continued inability to see the question in this large way."

"The Interstate Commerce Commission never can see anything more than that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or that some man who has a flour mill with a production of 50 barrels a day is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm values in this place means the building up of farm values in that place, and that that shifting of values is a necessary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And if we shall give to the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have our rates regulated on the statesmanlike basis on which they have been regulated in the past by the railway men, who really have been great statesmen, who really have been great builders of empires, who have had an imagination that rivals the imagination of the greatest poet and of the greatest inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rivals the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a body of civil servants, bureaucrats, whose besetting sin the world over is that they never can grasp a situation in a large way and with the grasp of the statesman; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small evil; that that evil is relatively small, and that it cannot be corrected except by the creation of evils and abuses which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

#### Room for Improvement.

"I have here," said the agent, "an alarm clock that will kindle the fire in the kitchen range and start the coffee boiling. Can I sell you one?"

"No," yawned the lazy man, "but when you find one that will pour the coffee out and bring it upstairs I will be pleased to consider its purchase."

## Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—R. E. A. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured by **SARSAPARILLA PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.**

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

### A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

On July 3, 1863, in the battle which determined the future of the American Union, there occurred a charge which has taken its place in the world's history as one of the most valiant ever made.

"Pickett's Charge" was the high tide of the Southern Confederacy. General Lee had massed the best part of his army on the slopes of Seminary Ridge for a last desperate assault upon the Union center. Just at noon a fearful artillery duel began. While the clouds of smoke rolled away, fifteen thousand Confederates, formed like a vast wedge and led by General Pickett, were seen moving across the valley.

Nearly a mile away the Union forces under Hancock were viewing the oncoming lines of gray coats. Half the distance was passed when the Union artillery began its fire upon the charging columns. Although great holes were torn in the Confederate ranks, they never faltered, but continued steadily on their way.

The ranks grew thin; the long line of Union rifles kept up its constant rain of death; but Pickett and Pickett's men never hesitated until they had come into hand-to-hand combat with the opposing federals. Then at last the charge was broken. Lee's army was defeated. Pickett sounded the retreat; but unforgotten is the record of the brave men who fought and died for the cause they served.

TO CATCH THE MAIL. Wire Basket Arranged Under the Lever Drop.

A hammock mail receptacle is a veritable novelty, which also deserves attention because of its many merits. In the first place, it is readily attached to or detached from the usual letter-drop opening, the advantages of which are obvious. In the second place, it shows at a glance whether there is any mail to be removed, and its character. In

the third place its ample proportions allow it to accommodate a large number of magazines or similar bulky articles of mail, and yet it does not ordinarily take up an appreciable amount of space. The common rigid box has to be made large enough for maximum requirements, while, as a matter of fact, these are only called into use semi-occasionally. The distinction is accomplished by means of a wire framework from which the netting depends. The modern particular housewife, if appealed to, would probably lay some stress on the fact that a receptacle of this kind does not form a lurking place for an accumulation of dust.

**Santa Claus in Luzon.** An officer stationed in the town of Canamay, Southern Luzon, tells, in the Port Antonio Express, of the great progress made in public school work in the Philippines. He speaks particularly of the Christmas celebration, and of an effort made to introduce Santa Claus to the little islanders.

A collection was taken from the Americans to give the children of the different schools a royal treat. A Christmas tree was duly decorated, and the children were assembled in the schoolroom.

After a few songs and recitations the time came for old Santa to make his appearance. All at once there was a tinkling of bells on the stairs, the door opened, and in rushed the first Santa Claus the children had ever seen, clothed in red, and gesticulating in the customary manner.

As soon as Santa Claus came in by the door, the children went out by the windows. Somebody had yelled, "El diablo a qui!"—"The devil is here!"—and that was enough for the children. They ran to their homes, screaming and frightened. It took some time to quiet their fears and get them back to the schoolroom. Santa Claus had to take off his whiskers, and the small boy in the town of Canamay will tell you that he knows just who Santa Claus is.

**As Others See Us.** Biggs—Is Smawley a man of importance in his neighborhood? Diggs—Well, he's of almost as much consequence as a thermometer on a pleasant day.

## MALARIA A Poison Breathed into the System

The air arising from low, marshy places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds and pools and from decaying vegetable matter, as well as the gases from sewers, is loaded with germs of malarial poison. The water we drink, that has not been properly filtered and purified, is also full of these germs and microbes, and as we daily breathe and drink millions of these into the system, to be absorbed by the blood, the entire body begins to feel the effects of the poison. The most common form of Malaria is "chills and fever,"

### MALARIA IN HIS SYSTEM FOR YEARS.

For several years I suffered with Chills and Fever, caused by Malaria in my system, and each summer for several years I would have a relapse. Finally my physician prescribed S. S. S. It entirely cured me; I have never been troubled since. 913 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky. I. SHAPOFF.

but when the blood is thoroughly saturated with the poison it becomes so weak and polluted that abscesses, carbuncles, boils, sores, ulcers and other skin diseases result. Malaria also affects the liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach, producing a chronic state of biliousness that often results in jaundice or some malignant fever. In cases of Malaria the blood must be purified before the body can regain its natural health. S. S. S. contains purifying and tonic properties possessed by no other blood medicine, and is the ideal remedy for the treatment of Malaria. It destroys the germs of the disease and builds up the weakened, polluted circulation. It enters into the blood and forces out every particle of poison and waste matter and adds strength and activity to it.

S. S. S. improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the entire system by its alterative and purifying action, and Malaria, with all its bad effects, is permanently driven from the system. Book on the blood and any medical advice, without charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

#### Burma's Monster Cigars.

One of the curiosities of Burma is a cigar of monstrous and alarming appearance, which every one smokes from an early age. "The indigenous article is a monster eight inches long," writes V. C. Scott O'Connor in his book, "The Silken East." "It consists of chopped wood, tobacco, molasses and various herbs wrapped in the silver white skin of a bamboo. So wide in diameter is it that it completely fills up the mouth of any young dandy who tries to smoke it. For presentation purposes this long cheroot is often wrapped at one end in a coat of purple or gold paper. It accumulates a formidable mass of fire at the lighted end and requires some skill in the smoking. But the Burman infant acquires this skill before he can walk and while he is still at the breast. No one thinks of smoking such a cigar through. Two or three long puffs, the lips of the smoker thrust out to meet the circle of the cigar, and it is put down or passed on to some good fellow sitting by."

**The Fingertless Man Explains.** He was a man of 40, with the three last fingers of his right hand missing, and when he saw that the man on his right was looking and wondering he said: "You have been in a zoo, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes." "You have noticed bones lying about on the floor of the lion's cage?" "Certainly."

"And you have put your hand through the cage after one of them to see what the lion would do?"

"No, I never did any tomfool thing like that. Any man of common sense knows that the lion would bite him. So that's the way you lost your fingers is it?"

"No, not exactly."

"How not exactly?"

"Why, I got the bone out all right, and the lion only grinned at me, but next day, while sawing wood on a machine, I got these fingers in the way of the old saw and they were nipped off. Next time you go to the zoo try it on. You don't know how easy you can get the bone out."

**As Others See Us.** "Yes," said the young man, "I am about to get a political job, where I will have nothing to do but sit around and look wise."

"Well," rejoined his fair companion in the parlor scene, "I'm sure you will be able to fill the first half of the requirements all right enough."

**Politeness Appreciated.** Young Lady (tailor made)—Take my seat, please.

Old Lady (near-sighted, but grateful)—Thank you, sir. You are the only gentleman in the car.—London Tit-Bits.

**Points of View.** "A man," said the young widow, "usually marries a woman because he loves her."

"And a woman," rejoined the old bachelor, "usually marries a man because he asks her."

English newspaper correspondents are complaining of the disgustingly unclean treatment of bread on its way from the baker to the consumer.

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of  
**INFANTS & CHILDREN**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.  
**NOT NARCOTIC.**  
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Pumpkin Seed -  
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A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.  
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At 6 months old  
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In Use For Over  
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# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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